THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 22. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SERVING THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Parnell, in an Able Speech at Newbridge, County Kildare, Explains the New Land Bill.

He Shows Clearly What His Independent Policy has Effected for the Benefit of the Irish Tenants-at-will.

On Sunday Mr. Parnell attended the first great meeting that has been held in the county Kildare since the beginning of the present crisis. The enthusiasm of the proceedings, and the attention with which the people listened to every word of Mr. Parnell's speeches, amply proves that the loyalty of the people of Kildare to the leader is as strong and staunch as ever. Mr. Parnell was accompanied to Newbridge by Dr. J. E. Kenney, M. P.; Mr. W. A. Macdonald, M. P.; Mr. A. J. Kettle, Mr. J. F. Grehen and Mr. P. J. Quinn.

At Newbridge, Mr. Malone, the chairman of the town commissioners; Mr. Carew, M. P.; Dr. Smyth, Mr. S. J. Brown, Mr. Sex, Mr. Guinnane, and a number of members of the committee met the train. Mr. Parnell, amid loud cheers, was escorted to a wagonette and then was driven at the head of a procession, in which followed the Celbridge band, the Newbridge band, the Moorfield Gaels and a long string of cars, accompanied by a solid body of pedestrians, to the town. Several triumphal arches spanned the roadway, the lamp posts were converted into standards, from which flew many colored flags, and the houses were decorated with evergreens and banners. As the long line of processionists passed through the town to the place of meeting, cheers rang out from the crowds of people who lined the streets along the route. From windows and doorways handkerchiefs were waved and other manifestations of welcome displayed, and so unanimous were the people in their demonstrations of welcome that throughout the entire proceedings the voice of a dissentient was not to be heard. Mr. Parnell's wagonette was drawn up at the town hall, and the Irish leader, escorted by Mr. Malone, was conducted into the hall and seated at the table, where, with Mr. J. L. Carew, M. P., and Mr. W. A. Macdonald, M. P., he sat to receive the addresses. A number of ladies were present.

Addresses were presented on behalf of the following bodies: Newbridge Branch of the National League, Newbridge Town Commissioners, Newbridge Branch of the National Union of Gasworkers and General Laborers of Great Britain, Moorfield Branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association, G. A. A. of Athgarvan, the Laborers of Kilcullen, Boystown and Blackditches Branches of the Irish National League, Stonecutters' and Quarrymen's Branch of the United Laborers' Union of Ireland, the Ninety-eight Gaelic Association, the Athy Branch of the National League, the Naas Town Commissioners, Naas Branch of the United Laborers' Union, the Naas Branch of the Irish National League, the Athy Branch of Laborers' Union, the people of Monasterevan, Kildare Branch of the National League, Kildare Gaelic Club, the people of Rathdangan, Miltown Branch of the National League, Clare Branch of the National League, Rathcoffey Branch of the National League, and Lamerstown Branch of the National League.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with an outburst of enthusiasm, then addressed the meeting. He said:

"Men of Kildare, Queen's County, Kilkenny, and Wicklow, I am almost tempted to speak to you the same words that I spoke in this place ten years ago (cheers). I told you then, fellow countrymen, at the beginning of a great struggle, just as we are at the beginning of another great struggle today, that it was necessary above and before all things for success, that we should have a United Ireland behind an independent Irish party (cheers), that with those two conditions we could gain all things (cheers). We could secure concessions from each or any English political party, and when now false prophets have arisen (hisses and cries of "Healy") to tell you that Ireland's safety can only be obtained by an alliance with one particular English party, by abandoning our independence at the bid of one particular English statesman, my reply is that that was not the doctrine which you accepted from me in 1880 (cheers); and that is not the way or the method by which you won everything you have gained; that that was not the way in which you compelled the attention of both the English political parties to the legitimate aspirations of Ireland, and that that will not be the way in which Ireland will ever gain concessions of her rights or respect for herself (cheers). I do not care what government or what English party gives Ireland a concession (hear, hear). We took the Land Act of '81 from the Liberal party, we took the Arrears Act and the Laborers Act from the same party, we took the Land Act of '87 admitting the leaseholders, from the Conservative party, and we are taking the purchase act of today from the same party (cheers). We only got them because we were independent, and I protest against the attempt of the Irish seceding members (groans) to obstruct, injure or delay the present act merely because it comes from the Tories and is opposed by the Liberals (hear, hear). I have always considered it a bad policy of the Liberals, in the last few years, in opposing land purchase for Ireland (hear, hear). Whose fault is it that instead of only thirty millions of money enabling one out of every three tenant farmers to become owners of their holdings? It is the fault (a Voice—"Of the Bantry Band") of the policy of the Liberal party—this false and mistaken policy which I have described to you, and the Tory government would undoubtedly have been willing to advance ninety millions of imperial money if they had not been intimidated by imperial threats (cheers). I trust that the effect of the working of this Act of '91, the expenditure of this thirty millions, will be to secure one of two things—either that the imperial government will give the remaining sixty millions, or else that they will allow us to settle the question at home among ourselves (cheers). It has been my guiding star from the moment I entered public life that the more concessions we get the more comfortable we make our fellow countrymen, the stronger and the better for them will be the fight for the rights of Ireland a nation (loud cheers). But now let me come to the question of the evicted tenants, in reference to which such a clamor has been raised by the unfortunate and misguided seceders. I am sorry to say that the seceders in their handling of this question of the evicted tenants, have shown from first to last an utter want of political knowledge and capacity, and an utter and most brazen unscrupulousness of character (hear, hear). They have shown themselves regardless of the fate of those unhappy men in their anxiety to make political capital out of their situation, when, if they had agreed with me and worked together, at least upon this question of all other questions, we could have secured better terms for the evicted tenants than perhaps we may now be able to obtain. I have, however, every confidence that we shall be able to save and protect them still (cheers). I am willing to submit to every odium and every reproach, because my conscience is perfectly clear upon this question (cheers). My withers are unwrung, and I approach the question of the evicted tenants of '91 from the same point of view and upon the same principles as I approached the question of the evicted tenants of '82 (cheers); and just as in '82 my policy was to obtain settlements for evicted estates when I could obtain them, and when I could not obtain them to invite the aid of the legislature, as I did in that year by the passage of the Arrears Act for the purpose of saving fully 50,000 or 60,000 evicted tenants, where we now have only about 8,000 or 10,000 to deal with; and when in those few cases the Arrears Act was unable to protect certain estates, in those remaining few cases I reserved sufficient money in Paris to protect those men and their wives and families from want during the ten years from that day to this, so I have to say today that the policy that I recommended to my countrymen and that I am determined to carry out with reference to the evicted tenants today, is step by step the same policy that I successfully carried out in 1883 (cheers). What need, then, is there for any evicted tenant to feel faint hearted—what right has any Irishman to reproach me with sacrificing the cause of those men when I am proceeding on exactly the same principles and methods step by step as I adopted successfully nine years ago for the safety of the tenants evicted by Mr. Gladstone (cheers). And just as we protected, by obtaining settlements when we could—honorable settlements for the landlord, by obtaining the help of the legislature when we could not get settlements from the landlords, and by reserving sufficient funds to cover the retreat of the remaining wounded soldiers who cannot be protected by settlements or legislative protections, so today I propose to do exactly the same thing with reference to the tenants evicted by Balfour (groans) I propose, when I can, to obtain fair and honorable settlements from the landlords; when I cannot I propose to ask the assistance of the legislature, as I have done with the two clauses in the Land Purchase Bill, of which I have recently given notice, and when neither settlements with the landlord nor the legislature can protect the tenants I propose to keep the £45,000 of a reserve in Paris to protect the remaining wounded soldiers (cheers, and a voice—"Don't give it to Goula") That, fellow countrymen, is my policy of today, and I defy any enemy, no matter how great his malignity or ingenuity may be, to find fault with it, or to point out any defect in it (cheers). It is one that has been sanctioned by experience as successful, and the only drawback under which we labor today as compared with '82 is that owing to the traitorism of the seceders who have disclosed the extent of our reserve, our resources and of our liabilities, we are fighting under a disadvantage owing to their shameful conduct in making this a partisan question, refusing to meet me in the spirit which I offered to meet them, we are obliged to discuss it in public—that is the only drawback, the only difference in the situation. It is a difference that has not been brought about by my action (cheers); but I trust, please God, by the force of public opinion and your patriotism, we will rescue these men, we will cover their retreat; we will once more place them in happy, prosperous homes, at rents which they will be able to pay (cheers) I do not know that there is anything that I can add. I am proud of this opportunity to stand in this noble and historic county, to see the men of gallant Kildare here, to recognize among the faces hundreds who have been foremost in the struggle of the decade in every work where danger had to be encountered and strong blows for the cause of Ireland dealt (cheers). With those men on my side, with you on our side, we shall fear nothing (cheers). We shall disregard the slanders of the English enemy, we shall be confident that soon again we shall secure happy homes for the Irish farmers and laborers, the release of the political prisoners now wearing out their hearts behind English prison doors, and confident that the sacred cause of Irish nationality and legislative independence will be once more triumphant, and will again occupy that position we have raised it to by the independent attitude and the determination of our concuct (loud cheers).

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

As General Sarrazin was flourishing his cap on the point of his sword as the signal of surrender, "the Earl of Roden and Col. Crawford advanced with their cavalry, and perceiving the movement in the French lines ordered the trumpet to sound. It was answered on the French side, and two British officers riding forward alone, a parley ensued. The Englishmen demanded the immediate surrender of the French army. Sarrazin replied that the matter must be referred to the commander-in-chief, then stationed some distance behind on the Ballinamuck road with the main body.

While this conversation was in progress, Gen. Taylor mistakenly informed Gen. Lake that the French army had capitulated, and the British commander then dispatched the "lieutenant general of ordnance," Capt. Packenham and Major-Gen. Craddock to receive Humbert's sword. The officers rode over to Humbert's line, but, to their consternation, were received with a volley which wounded Craddock in the shoulder. Then it became clear that some misunderstanding had occurred. It appears that Humbert, upon learning of his subordinate's parley with the enemy, burst into a fit of indignation, and, repudiating any idea of surrender, ordered the advance at double quick. Lord Roden had by this time induced Sarrazin to capitulate, and Crawford, confident of meeting no further opposition, had advanced on the French lines with a body of dragoons. In a moment all was changed. Humbert's grenadiers rushed at the dragoons and made them prisoners, together with their two leaders, while the rest of the horse, savagely attacked on two sides, scampered away with precipitation.

Now the action became general. Lake, attempting to imitate Humbert's tactics at Colooney, threw a column of troops on the right of the French, with a view to outflanking them. Perceiving this Humbert withdrew his main body from the hill to another eminence further back. The British artillery was then moved to the front; but when Lake saw a large body of stalwart pikemen form into a solid column for the purpose of charging the guns, he ordered the latter to be withdrawn and continued the battle with infantry and cavalry. On the brow of a hill, a quarter of a mile from the spot where Sarrazin had surrendered, a number of French *tirailleurs* were posted with some artillery, and these did much execution in the ranks of the British right. The English general himself at one moment came within range of their fire, and narrowly escaped with his life. After a good deal of firing on both sides, he at last ordered his light infantry and cavalry to ascend the hill from two points, which they did with enthusiasm; but not until every *tirailleur* had either been killed, wounded, or made prisoner, was the French cannon finally silenced and the battle won.

During the whole conflict Humbert maintained his reputation as a skilful leader and brave man. Unwilling to survive defeat, he threw himself in the midst of the enemy, sword in hand, and but for the intervention of his aide-de camp, Teeling, he would probably have been killed by the dragoons, who bore him down from his saddle. Lord Roden and Col. Crawford remained prisoners in the midst of a body of chasseurs until the Roxburgh Fencibles came up in search of their colonel. The French officers, realizing then that further resistance would only lead to the useless sacrifice of many valuable lives, surrendered their swords and ordered the firing to cease.

As far as the French were concerned the battle was ended. But now the most horrible act in the drama was to be played. The unfortunate rebels, who still numbered several hundreds, expecting no quarter, fought on with the frenzy of despair. Driven from the guns which they had helped to serve, not without loss to the foe, they fled into a bog and were here surrounded by horse, foot, and artillery. Lake's hour of revenge had sounded, and he made full use of his opportunity. Raked with a galling crossfire from all points, sabered by the horsemen and bayonetted by the infantry, there soon remained but a skeleton of the solid column that had stood side by side with Humbert's troops at the beginning of the battle; and those who finally were allowed to lay down their arms only exchanged the bullet or sword for the rope. Here is what one eye witness has written:

"We pursued the rebels through the bog—the country was covered for miles around with their slain. We remained for a few days burying the dead—*hung Gen. Blake and nine of the Longford militia;* we brought one hundred and thirteen prisoners to Carrick-on-Shannon, *nineteen of whom we executed in one day*, and left the remainder for others *to follow our example!*"

"They are hanging rebels here by twenties together," wrote an officer of the Roxy Fencibles to his friends. "It is a melancholy sight, but necessary."

And here are another eye witness' words:

"There lay dead about five hundred; I went next day with many others to see them. How awful! to see that heathy mountain covered with dead bodies, resembling at a distance flocks of sheep—for numbers were naked and swelled with the weather. We found fifteen of the Longford militia among the slain."

Gen. Richard Blake, referred to above, was a gentleman of Galway who had joined the patriot cause shortly before the battle of Castlebar, and had commanded a division of Irish auxiliaries during the later operations. His request to die by the bullet instead of the rope was denied. He bore his fate with the dignity of a hero, as did likewise one O'Dowd, another rebel of prominence."

On the 23d of September, thirty two days after the landing of the French army and fifteen after its capture at Ballinamuck, Major-Gen. Trench and a large body of troops, with five guns, arrived at Killala, which was in the possession of three French officers. After an attack, which was resisted for about twenty minutes, the British gained possession of the town. About four hundred of the insurgents fell in battle or immediately after it. The victors gave no quarter. So ended the French invasion of Ireland in '98.

Mr. Gribayedoff's brilliant narrative is embellished by over a dozen excellent illustrations—including "The March to Castlebar," "The Battle of Castlebar," "The Ball after the Battle," "The Gory Heights of Ballinamuck," and "The Battle of Killala." It is beautifully printed in large type and on good thick paper, and we shall be much surprised if the first edition be not speedily exhausted. It is a book which ought to find a place on the bookshelves of every Irishman who takes an interest in the history of his country.

"The French Invasion of Ireland in 1798." Leaves of unwritten history that tell of an heroic endeavor and a lost opportunity to throw off England's yoke. By Valerian Gribayedoff. With a map and numerous illustrations by well-known artists. New York: Charles P. Sommerby, No. 25 Lafayette place.

GLORY TO OUR MOTHERLAND.

Air: "Glory Hallelujah."

Comrades gird your loins once more and join the valiant throng
Fighting 'neath the banner of the chief who's battled long
To make our Motherland again a nation proud and strong,
In triumph marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland and glory to Parnell—
Blend each voice in unison and let the chorus swell,
Till ev'ry waverer blush for shame by mountain, lake and dell
And join us marching on.

Think when famine o'er the land with blighting shadow spread;
And [illegible] once at mothers' knees oft vainly [illegible] our bread
[illegible]
To keep us marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

Forgot's pen was dipped in gall, His glorious fame to blight,
Bigot plied his rancorous tongue with slanders black as night,
But yet the leader smiled serene, and, fresh as morning's light,
He still goes marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

Not for creed or class we fight—we heed but country's call,
Erin's fertile plains to free from Saxon's blighting thrall—
Our Mother's "independence" to be shared by one and all,
As we go marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

Timid slaves may hug their chains, and lick the hands that smite,
Knaves or traitors crouch in fear before the foeman's might;
But, spite of knave or traitor, we will wage and win the fight,
And still go marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

Hark! across the distant hills the sound of martial drum;
Breasts aglow for freedom, see our comrades gallant come—
Oh! some are youths with ardent hopes and grey-haired veterans some,
Who now are marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

Heavens! how our hearts beat time to strains of stirring fife—
Cold the sluggard's blood indeed 'twon't quicken into life
To rend the shackles from his limbs and mingle in the strife,
As we go marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

See where freely flutters high the flag of emerald sheen!
Prouder standard never waved o'er serried ranks, I ween;
And till it flies from senate house at home in College Green,
We still keep marching on.

Chorus—
Glory to our Motherland, &c.

R. Q.

—*Tipperary News, May 9.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GODSMITH'S "AUBURN."

Miss Banim Makes a Pleasant Pilgrimage to the Center of Ireland and Gazes Upon the Haunts of the Gentle Oliver.

An Irish Car Driver's Opinion of English Critics and Carpers.

SWEET AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

For years have I longed to see that spot so loved by Goldsmith that in all his trials, amid the squalor and pain of dark days, or the luxuries of wealthy London life, his fond heart ever turned to the lost, far-away pictures of his early home in Ireland.

"Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene."

True, I knew from books that ruins only marked the home, the Busy Mill, the many landmarks of the once happy village of the poet's recollection; but we should see the same country, the same sweet meadows and lanes and flowers, and, wandering at our ease about the quiet scenes, learn to feel with the warm heart, to realize those youthful dreams that could so indelibly fix themselves upon his mind, as through life to be the prompters of all that was best and loveliest and most enduring in his works.

And so, on a glorious July morning, bright and early, we started for "Sweet Auburn."

The day promised to be a happy one—one of those days when we realize the joy of life—and we were full of pleasant anticipations as we drove under the welcome shade of the trees that, meeting overhead, form a pretty avenue just on the outskirts of Athlone. Here the trees of Retreat and of one or two other suburban residences have made up their minds to enjoy the outer world in a sociable way, and give their beauty and cooling shade in return for all the society, the gossip, the confidences, tender and otherwise, they receive from the [illegible] passers by—the country folk [illegible] ing to town from all the outlying districts; the townspeople, and the military, and the chance visitors, all in search of that healthiest of exercises for body and mind—

A COUNTRY WALK.

Those trees are really wise in not remaining in lonely dignity inside their walls, with their branches drawn up primly, as much as to say: "We, the trees of a private demesne, cannot permit ourselves to bend over a road where anybody—meaning the conglomerate world of nobodies—may walk!" They look lovely, too, drooping across the road, the branches from either side meeting, hands clasped, in the centre, and making a long archway of verdure, as if for the old Rinka Fadha (the Long Dance) to pass beneath them—as truly the long dance of life does pass under their arms; in at one end, from the hot road, white with the dust of the town and noisy with the traffic of a busy railway close by; out at the other end, into another world—the new burial ground almost at the boundary. Then the pure, free, lovely country; the country that, in its ever renewing youth and beauty, is such a perfect symbol of the everlasting. Dear me! All that those trees see and hear and have to whisper about! They are very wise in not being proud and stand off.

"What do you think the English write about your Auburn, Mr. Mac?" I asked, as we drove leisurely along. Mr. Mac, as I have said, was born and reared in the very neighborhood where Goldsmith lived in youth, and he naturally knows more about things than those who never tickled trout in the Inny in boyhood, or never trod one foot of ground around Auburn. "What do you think they say? They say that it was not Ireland or Irish village life that Goldsmith pictured in his poem. That there is no such country here; that there are no such villages; not even such wild flowers."

"Arrah!—(and the world of meaning that can be put into that one word) Arrah! —Here's how it is with them in one short chapter: *they do be talkin'*. There's the whole of it, now. Them people that are for ever writing, they must be for ever saying something, and they can't stop themselves, whether they know what they are saying or no. They must be

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

England! Country—villages—flowers! Just turn your heads, ladies—what garden in the world could grow anything to equal them?" and Mr. Mac touched lightly with his whip the bank beside the road, where wreaths of the delicate pink and white convolvulus flung their clustering tendrils in graceful profusion above, around, and between every stone and twig they could seize upon in their pretty race to be up the ditch and over and down the other side, to trail and run along the grassy bank. "Mr. Mac is large and stout, and—well, not a boy,', thought I; 'but trust him to see what is beautiful." "And as for land and neat villages—only wait until you see the places we'll pass this day—that's all. I was a soldier, and seen Egypt, Africa, and India, Italy, and Spain, and England—oh! many's the fine sight I saw in my day. But in all the world I saw nothing lovelier, nothing I could be so fond of, as the country where I was born and reared. (It's a fine day for the hay, Mrs. ——, after the rain; but sure, God Almighty never spoilt anything. If He sends a bad day, He sends a good one to make up for it). Oh, to be sure. There's not one coming into Athlone this side of the country but I know. That's Lord Castlemaine's place over there, Moydrum. They tell a curious story here of how the place got its name. You know, of course, that in Cromwell's time, when the Irish got the route to march from off all their own fine lands the country over, the Shannon was the boundary line to cut them off from all—friends and home, and Athlone was the high road for hell or Connaught. There were pitiful sights seen then upon the bridge of Athlone—the stories the old people could tell of them times would make the heart bleed. Well, of course, the old families about Athlone were pitched out, and no end of Cromwellians billeted in the fine houses and lands and farms, and the very soldiers got estates where the gentry held their heads high before It was well to be an English soldier in them times. Some got places by lot instead of their pay, and as the estates were being shared out one drummer put down his instrument on the top of the ridge that runs through the grounds there, and he says—'I'll have this where my drum stands, and all around it for my lot.' He got it, and that's how the place comes to be

CALLED MOYDRUM—

you'll hear the English say that way 'moy' for 'my'—for, fond as they are of laughing at the way the Irish speak, faith! the English say queerer things than any of us. This is Ballykieran. We'll take the road to the left going, and come home by that to the right, so you'll see the sunset on the lake. Aye, those were fine mills, and gave work to a great many a few years ago, but they're idle now, like half the mills in the country. Now, isn't that a grand sight?"

Truly there is a charming lake scene, here, where the land begins to rise gently at the hamlet of Ballykieran, whence perhaps the most picturesque view of Lough Ree is to be had. The inner lake, or Killinure Lough, which branches away from the main sheet of water, comes in here to the foot of the sloping meadows and groves that border the road. The waters glide in, clear and sparkling, between the many islands grouped upon their surface, and, far away to westward, the lake is seen, apparently repeated, and again repeated, as its own windings and the wooded islets break its line, and especially at sunset seem to give an interminable distance to the glowing waters.

Soon the pretty village of Glassen is reached; a village that ten years ago was an ideal one, but has been neglected of late by its owner. Still it is extremely pretty, and consists of one long street, approached at either end by avenues shaded by splendid old trees. The houses are of

PICTURESQUE BUILD,

and some are kept in their old style—smothered in roses and fuchsias; upon all are trained vines and climbing plants, but many show that the hand of want has come within, and when that comes neglect of the beautiful quickly follows. The last landlord personally loosed to the care of the trees and flowers in which the whole place is embowered, indeed, so much at heart had he the beauty of the cottages that it is said [illegible] still, and so in the schoolhouse. Then, at the extreme end of the village, there is a haunted house—ivy-covered, weather beaten, and dismantled. No one could live in that dwelling; strange sights were seen and sounds heard, and death surely followed any family that went to inhabit it, until at last all left it peaceably to the ghosts and to the ruin that is fast bringing a desolate look over its very walls.

The old Irish love for a bit of law seems as strong as ever, for it was court day when we passed the pretty cottage where law and physic are dispensed, and numerous groups were arriving from all sides, eagerly discussing the rights of their cases, while outside the court, as if awaiting a sufficiently large audience, the magistrates and police officer and a variety of dogs seemed as if equipped rather for rural sports than for the great duty of settling all the little disputes of the districts.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Local Catholic News.

St. James' church, Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, is now lighted by electricity.

A concert will be given in St. Stanislaus school hall on Eighteenth street June 9, for the benefit of the schools of the Sacred Heart parish.

The solemnity of the feast of Corpus Christi, which occurred Thursday, was transferred to Sunday next by order of the last council of Baltimore.

Rev. Father Healy, recently ordained, has been appointed an assistant at St. Gabriel's church. Rev. Father Hishen, whom he succeeds, will be the pastor of St. Thomas' church.

Through the Weary Hours

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

WHAT IS A COLD in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RESCUE.

"He is coming this way," whispered Ronald, whose ears, more accustomed to the buffetting of storms, could distinguish the steps more accurately. The only sounds that came to the ears of the others were the noise caused by the clambering of the soldiers up the rocky sides of the mountain, and the displacing of the loose stones that gradually rolled down the declivity behind.

Meanwhile, the officer in charge came in their direction, where the tangle of the scrub and bushes would give him greater shelter for striking a light—came, indeed, so near that, as they lay close together, his foot nearly touched him nearest. It was with difficulty they could restrain their breathing. Escape was so near; and yet so little might effectually preclude its possibility.

The boat lay almost within hand's reach. A minute or so would, if all things went well, see its sails set, and in the force of the gale blowing send them sweeping up the stormy waters of the Lough! Then hey for freedom, and perchance for France! But now what an awkward *contretemps!* The slightest movement would betray them, and the slightest call bring their enemies rushing back upon them. No wonder they lay with stifled breath, and that they tried even to check the beating of their hearts!

The officer, wholly unconscious of the presence of anyone, essayed several times to strike a light with the flint and tinder. But the wind prevented his efforts. The sparks, before they took light on the touch, were rudely blown out by the storm.

Every effort calmly essayed by him added hours to the lingering anxiety of the fugitives.

Finally, he succeeded, but at that moment, just as the touch began to take light and burn, an unconscious movement on the part of Eugene begotten of his impatience and his high-wrought tension of mind, drew the attention of the officer. Indeed it could scarcely do otherwise—occurring at his very feet!

He stooped down with the lighted touch in his hand to see what occasioned the noise. The light gleaming on the ground disclosed the forms of the fugitives!

In a sudden outburst of surprise the officer uplifted himself, the touch dropping from his hands as he did so—uplifted himself to cry aloud to his men now far up the hill.

It was a moment of dreadful danger. The slightest cry or noise would have brought his men hurrying back down the cliff side.

Alive to the tremendous necessities of the occasion, Eugene leaped to his feet and placed his hand on the mouth of the surprised officer. In a second after the others were beside him, and without a word being spoken or a cry uttered, the officer was gagged with a handkerchief which prevented him from either stirring or speaking.

Francois presented a pistol to his ear, the cold muzzle of which gave significant intimation of what was meant, and made the operation less troublesome.

"Stir hand or foot, utter but the faintest cry, and you are a dead man," whispered Eugene in breathless accents in his ear. "We are escaping prisoners. We shall die before we are taken. Your death is assured if you but breathe a word."

The manner in which he spoke was sufficient token of his earnestness—as it is always where a man feels and means just what he says—and the officer, taken aback by the suddenness and surprise of the movement, stood still. He had no intention of speaking under the circumstances, even if the handkerchief thrust rudely into his mouth permitted him.

At that moment the whistle of the sergeant on the hill, impatient at the unexpected delay of the officer, was heard.

"The boat, gentlemen—the boat," whispered Ronald to his comrades.

The hint was speedily taken.

The danger was urgent to all. The slightest sound or alarm would have brought their enemies tumbling back. They hurried the prisoner to where the boat lay, their footsteps on the broken brambles and brushwood making but slight noise. A few vigorous pushes sent the boat into the water; and, bringing their prisoner with them, they were speedily launched into the Lough.

"Who meddles with the boat? That is the king's boat. Who dares touch it!"—called from the hill above them in loud tones—assailed their ears.

Then in a moment after came the call for the officer—"Captain Melville! Captain Melville!"

But the officer, fast bound and gagged, made no reply, nor even was he disposed to, with the touch of the cold muzzle of a pistol at his cheek. That they were desperate men on a desperate errand there was no need to tell him, and that they carried their lives in their hands. Wherefore no answer came to the call from the cliffs.

The oars were swiftly fixed in the rowlocks, whilst the surf, driven by the storm threatened to overturn the boat, and beat painfully about the ears of the escaping party. A few strokes, uncomfortably noisy as the irons grated in their sockets, sent them out to deeper water!

The searching party high above, uneasy at the departure of the boat, and hearing no response from their officer, grew alarmed. A suspicion of treachery fastened on their minds, which was not lessened by the non appearance of their leader.

Before the boat had gone many perches through the water a rocket shot from the hillside, racing up aloft into the stormy night and bursting into a thousand fragments.

"That is a signal to the fleet," said Eugene hurriedly, after they had for a moment watched its picturesque ascent and extinguishment.

"And there goes the response," said Ronald, as another, in answer, ascended from the deck of one of the vessels. "We are discovered."

"Hoist the sail. We must run for it now," said Francois energetically. "Unship the oars. Spread enough sail, and the storm will carry us half way into the Atlantic before they can get ready."

Almost as he said it, the oars were removed, placed inside the boat, and whilst the signal roll call from the fleet came, borne swiftly on their ears on the breast of the wind, the sails were run up and spread. Ronald, best acquainted with the inland waters in which they were sailing, took the rudder; and they were immediately driving with headlong speed towards the mouth of the Lough, towards the broad waters that formed their ocean pathway to freedom and France.

It was pitch dark.

The wind veering blew with hurricane force down from the mountain valleys, and swept as with a tornado the surface of the Lough. The masts creaked and bent as the storm, pressing on their sails, nearly buried the prow of the vessel in the water. A long streak of phosphorescent foam behind them alone showed a ray of brightness in the thick blackness.

Save where and alone a slight faint thread of light ascending from the fleet, now rapidly distancing itself from them, showed where a signal was given forth, no light broke on their vision.

"This is tremendous going, Eugene," shouted Francois in his friend's ear, for the rushing of the vessel, the howling of the storm, and the straining and the groaning of the masts, made spoken words unheard. The boat with the force of the wind and speed sometimes ran on her side until the water surged over.

"It is. We shall be at sea presently," said Eugene. This is the mouth of the Lough we are passing through. Somewhere yonder, if we could only make it out through the darkness, the Hoche fought her brave battle."

"Where is that guardship we were told that hung about here? I see no light in the black waste of waters," asked MacNevin.

"Sweltering probably from this storm," said Eugene. "I wish we could do similarly. We shall never stand this wind at sea. This gale comes from the south, and the cliffs by keeping near them might shelter us. Don't you think so?" added he, turning round and shouting his query into Ronald's ear, where he crouched at the tiller.

"It is dangerous in this pitch blackness. The coast abounds with rocky islands," returned the latter.

"But we shall be swept to sea otherwise—blown right out of our course," argued Eugene, "even if we can live through it."

"Yes," commented McNevin, "if this hurricane holds, I fancy we shall be half way to the North Pole before the morning."

"I think we had better tack round, and run in for shelter under these cliffs, if the boat can wear round in such a storm as this. Do you think she can, Ronald?"

"She may."

"I shall try at any rate."

"It will need be quick work, then," said Ronald, shouting in his ear. "I have never seen such a storm blow from the south before. Watch me when I shift the helm and let the mainsail go, else we are lost."

They had left the region of the black and swelling waves, and, emerged into a sea of broken white, and tossing surf. Far as the eye could reach the hissing foam upheaved—forming a striking contrast with the leaden darkness around and above. The wind descending from the high headlands struck the water here, and with great violence tore its surface into spray.

"We shall never be able to round here. We shall capsize first," was Eugene's thought as he stood by the mainsail, and a gust of wind nearly swept him overboard.

The mainsail was so taut with the force of the storm that it stood against his hand as if made of steel. At the moment the prow of the boat plunging forward tore through a surf laden wave, completely burying herself therein and well nigh filling with water.

"Another like that, Eugene, and we are lost! The boat is already half full. See how she staggers more than sails through the water."

"I see that, Francois. We must go round at all hazards. Tell Ronald I am standing by the sail. Let him shift the rudder next lull, and I shall let go."

There was not much distance wherein to carry the order, yet Francois, what with the difficulty of crossing the seats in the dark and the danger of being blown overboard while standing up, was some time in moving to where Ronald sat at the helm.

"Ronald, we are in great danger."

Ronald with a motion of his head assented.

"Eugene intends letting go at the next lull. Can you shift the helm at the same time? We must get into still water."

"Unless done at the same time we shall drown," said Ronald, as a huge wave struck against the side of the boat; but a motion of the helm rapid as lightning placed her so that the wave skimmed by, its white crest gleaming strangely against the dark background.

"Now!" shouted Ronald, and at the moment shifted the helm.

Instantaneously Eugene let go the sail, which cracked with the force of a thousand whips; a huge wave burst over the vessel; all held their breaths for a moment of dreadful suspense; the boat swept around on her side, and almost immediately was gliding peacefully in quiet waters. Save and except the quantity of the sea she had shipped, the dangerous movement was swiftly and safely performed.

"Thank God!" burst with one accord from all hearts. A moment's hesitation in the breast of the steerer or him who stood at the sail would have plunged them into the drowning waters—into eternity!

"Well, Francois," said Eugene, "I think we shall long remember our parting from Lough Swilly."

"I fancy so; though we can be scarcely said to have got quite clearly away yet."

"You are wet, I suppose?" said Ronald.

"Wet!" said Francois. "I am thoroughly drenched."

"For the matter of that, so are we all," said MacNevin.

"Then I suppose this will be acceptable. It was fortunate I thought of bringing it," said Ronald handing it around. "You might be called the beneficent genii of the Donegal cave."

The grateful liquor seemed to create a new spirit within the breast of all; and even the imprisoned officer, who had run all the dangers of their perilous trip without the attendant excitement of escape, felt that the generous drink had given him new heart and life.

"Hallo," cried Francois, who was looking ahead through the blackness as the boat glided smoothly along in the shelter of the high cliffs, "we appear to be perilously near land. There is a something rising up here to the right which seems to me to be like it!"

"I wish it were," said Ronald, "and that we could have an hour's rest ashore if only to stretch one's legs. I am perfectly crippled sitting here."

"Where is the land, Francois? I cannot see it," said Eugene, who had gained his side, and was peering with him through the darkness.

"Yonder it is; and, lo! there seems a light on it, too," cried Francois, indicating the position of the supposed cliff.

Eugene looked for a moment in the direction, then suddenly left his side with an exclamation of surprise which startled Francois, and hurried to the tiller.

"Ronald," said he, "shift the helm. Quick, man! put her head to the north or we are lost!"

"What! to the north?—to the open sea again?"

"Yes, at once—or we are undone!"

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Ronald, who believed that his companion had lost his senses, or that the small quantity of poteen he had taken had had some effect on his brain.

"The guardship is ahead of us! We are running directly under her bows. See!"

Looking, Ronald saw the huge hulk of the ship looming vaguely upon them from the darkness, and right in their front. She was sheltering under bare poles in the security of the beetling headlands, and, save her swaying and tossing on the troubled surface of the water, was perfectly noiseless and quiet. The movements of their own boat through the water and the conversation that had been carried on had attracted the attention of the watch on her deck; and whilst Ronald looked, a second light made its appearance, defining clearly enough her previously vague form.

A muttered malediction came from Ronald, who was far from expecting this incident. The next moment a movement of the tiller sent the little boat at a strong angle to her former course, and not a moment too soon, for they were almost running against the huge sides of the guardship, the contact with which would inevitably have capsized them, and the suction of the water have drawn them under her keel.

A breathless silence fell on all on board, as the sails, fluttering with the altered course of the boat, speedily filled again with the wind. All eyes were cast in the vague form above them and the lights moving high up as in some solitary watch tower. A bugle came on their ears.

"That is a signal for us to come around to them," said Ronald, bending forward to his companions.

"They will wait for us awhile," whispered Francois gaily. "This is an unreasonable time for visiting."

"Yes, I think they will have to travel pretty far to converse with us," said MacNevin.

"I fancy they are going to speak to us in another way. There is a porthole thrown open."

"So there is!" said Francois.

A porthole did indeed disclose through the darkness its ominous light—which was quickly shaded, however, as a gun was run out and depressed in their direction.

"Hush!—not a word!" said Eugene impressively. "They are guided only by the noise of our voices, and are going to fire at random in this direction."

The noise of the boat rushing madly through the deep water was the only sound save the roaring of the storm, as they held their breath in suspense for the first shot.

It was not long in coming. A sudden violent flash of red light, that died out as suddenly as it appeared, a thud as of several substances striking the surface of the water near, and a shower of spray was dashed over them! Following came the boom of the gun, and the cloud of white smoke lifted itself spirally through the darkness and lazily disappeared.

"That was a narrow escape!" whispered Eugene. "A little more elevation and there was an end of our attempt."

"We are not quite done with them yet—hush!" said Francois, as the lights once more glimmered in the little window-like porthole. A second time the sharp lightning flash pierced the darkness, the howl of the wind gave way to the heavy, dull boom of the big gun, and a shower of grape sweeping overhead—some even piercing the sails—struck the water in advance of them.

"This is coming too close," said Ronald from his place at the helm. "I shall run her Nor'east to get out of reach of that gun. Stand by to answer the helm!"

"I am ready. Call when!" said Eugene, taking his stand at his place, sail rope in hand.

"Now!"

"Now, be it!" cried the former, loosing his hold; and immediately the boat was spinning along on her new course. A third discharge of grape struck the sea a long way behind.

"We are out of range of *that* gun," said MacNeven. "Let us hope they may not send a boat after us."

"They will scarcely tempt this night of storm. The chances are they have taken us for a smuggling vessel, taking advantage of this gale to make a favorable venture, and will not think us worthy of the trouble. Meanwhile we had better creep along the coast until morning breaks, when the gale out at sea may moderate." Thus Ronald.

Through the darkness of the night they kept their silent way until in the distant east there appeared a cold grey breadth of daylight. As it grew stronger and the hills along the shore began to have their sides tipped with brightness, a singular scene presented itself. The sea, inshore in the shelter of the cliffs, was still as a mill pond; but further out, where the headlands failed to protect it, and where the wind had power to strike it, it was, far as the eye could reach, one sheet of surf and foam.

A marvelous sight! and seemed as if the surface of the tossing sea had been suddenly overlaid with a mantle of snow On the edge of the horizon, a vessel caught in the storm of the night, could be seen heavily laboring and helplessly tumbling in the trough of the foaming sea.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Nora an Chuil Omraich.

A Nóra an chúil ómraich
'Sé mo bhrón-sa nach bh-feudaim
Lámh a chur faoi'd cheann-sa,
No a m-broillach do léine;
Is tú d'fág mo cheann-sa
Gan unsa ar bith céille,
'S go n-eulóchainn tar toinn leat,
A rúin-sheare dá bh-feudfainn.

A bhaill intinne mo chroidhe stigh
Na déan-sa liom bréag:
A's gur gheall tú mo phósadh,
Gan feoirling 'san t-saoghal.
Shiúbhailfinn-se air an drúcht leat
A's ní bhrúghfinn an feur,
A's a Nóra an chúil ómraich
Is deas a phógfainn do bheul.

Taobh thall de'n Mháigh
Atá stór geal mo chroidhe,
A cúl tiugh mar an t-ómar
Lér chaill mé mo ghnaoidh;
Guidhim-se Righ an Dómhnaich,
Go d-tionntóighe an ghaoith,
A's go bh-feicfidh me mo bhólacht
Ag gabhail bóithre Bhaile-Ath-buidhe.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. In the course of preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result.

The March to the Sea.

Among the chief figures of the epoch of the war probably Lincoln and Sherman were the most individual and original. The most romantic and picturesque of the many renowned events of that time was the march to the sea. It has already a distinctive character, like that of the Greeks in Xenophon's story of the "Ten Thousand." When the news of its successful issue reached this part of the country it served to show the simple and honest patriotism of one of the most unfortunate of the Union generals.

Burnside, after the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, had been relieved, and was staying with a company of friends at a country house on Narragansett bay. The company were all sitting one morning upon the spacious piazza, when a messenger rode up and announced Sherman's success. Burnside's delight was enthusiastic. All thought of himself vanished. The good cause only was in his mind and heart, and running to his wife he joyfully kissed her, saying, "I know that the company feels as I do, and will forgive me."

It was the feeling of a soldier as simple and true hearted and patriotic, but not so fortunate, as Sherman; and it was the same candor and manly sweetness of nature that softened Sherman's voice whenever he spoke of the soldiers of the war to whom fate had seemed to be unkind. He is gone, the last of the old familiar figures, some of his old foes bearing him tenderly to the grave. And are not Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Porter, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Sumner and their fellows historic figures worthy to rank with the elder Revolutionary group dear to all Americans?—George William Curtis in Harper's.

Some Change.

"What does Miss Brown mean by saying she was born just after the war?"

"She means the Mexican war—I remember her telling the same story in '61."—Munsey's Weekly.

Insulted by a Woman.

"Oh, yes, I'll remember Detroit; no fear about that," said sweet voiced Dora Wiley as she rocked to and fro in an easy chair in the Russell House. "I shall remember it as the first place in which I was really insulted, and by a woman too."

"How and when did all this happen?" asked the reporter.

"One night this week," continued Miss Wiley in reply. "A woman sat in one of the boxes with her back to the stage. One could bear that sort of thing for a little while, but when an auditor turns his or her back squarely on you for a whole evening you cannot drive from your mind the impression that an insult is intended. Well, that was the feeling that came to mind as scene after scene of the play went by, and still that woman sat there.

"I became so annoyed—exasperated, I might say—that I could hardly sing at all. It affected others on the stage the same, but perhaps to a less extent. The legitimate result, of course, was to take our minds off our work to a certain extent, and to a measure the audience suffered by the acts of that one woman, although, perhaps, they may not have noticed it."—Detroit Journal.

Cheap Funerals in New York.

A Hester street undertaker says: "Funerals don't come very high in this neighborhood, but such as they are the poor people seem to have trouble paying the bills. I furnish what is considered a respectable funeral for $5.50, but that does not include any carriages. The coffin and the hearse attendance is all that I can give for the money. The people in this neighborhood are mostly Polish Jews and Greeks, who are nearly all very poor, and $5.50 represents a small fortune. Only a few of them, in my experience, have ever expressed any objection to having their dead buried in Potter's field, but they all are sensitive and superstitious about the funeral, and will sacrifice almost anything to obtain a coffin and hearse.

"They seem to have no idea of the value of our money. A woman, whose husband died the other day, came to me with a brass ring, which she thought I would take in exchange for a coffin. She was very much surprised when I refused her, and offered to work for me for a year if I would only give her husband a decent funeral. He was finally buried at the expense of the city."—New York Letter.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]
With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 31.*]
If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]
"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]
"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 11.*]
The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]
"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]
"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]
Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]
Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]
"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]
"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]
"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]
Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]
"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]
"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]
"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

News Notes and Gossip from Washington City.

SETTLEMENT BUILT BY COLUMBUS.

It Was Intended to Transfer a Portion of It to the World's Fair but the Plan Is Not Feasible—Decision of the United States Supreme Court on the Original Package Law—Foster at the Department of State.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 26.—Capt. Convers, the commanding officer of the United States ship Enterprise, is in Washington to make a formal report to the state and navy departments, declaring not feasible the project of transferring to the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago a portion of the first permanent European settlement made by Christopher Columbus in 1493 on the western hemisphere, at Port Isabelle, San Domingo. The officers found the place partly overgrown and almost entirely uninhabited. The settlement was made 398 years ago, was built on a high hill sloping gradually down to the sea, but constant encroachments of the water have gradually washed away the approaches to the hill until it has become a steep bluff with the sea at its feet.

But One Specimen Secured.

On the top of the hill the exploring party was enabled by means of partially obscured mounds to trace the general direction of several walls and other structures which once formed a part of the settlement. The stones of which these walls were made have crumbled away and present the appearance of rounded heaps of dust and lime deposits. From among these heaps they secured but one specimen of the stones composing the original walls. This is the remains of a rectangular slab of limestone, the edges of which have been rounded off. It will probably be sent to Chicago. Lieut. Colvocores made a plan of so much of the ruins as could be traced, together with drawings of the mounds and encroachments of the sea. All these were brought to Washington by Capt. Convers.

ORIGINAL PACKAGE LAW.

The United States Supreme Court Decides It To Be Valid.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 26.—The United States supreme court has decided that the original package law passed by the last congress was valid and constitutional and that it went into effect in all states where prohibitory laws prevailed without re-enactment by the states of the laws by which they forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors within their boundaries, whether imported from other states or not. Chief Justice Fuller rendered the opinion of the court and the bench was united in support of the conclusions at which he arrived, though Justice Gray announced that Justices Harlan, Brewer and himself did not concur in all the reasoning of the opinion of the court.

Claimed the Law Unconstitutional.

The case upon which the decision was rendered was that of John M. Wilkerson, sheriff of Shawnee county, Kan., vs. Charles A. Rahrer, brought here on appeal from the decision of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Kansas, against the state. Rahrer was the original package agent at Topeka, Kan., of the firm of Maynard, Hopkins & Co., of Kansas City, Mo., and was arrested the day after the original package law went into effect. He claimed that the law was unconstitutional and also that it could not go into operation until the state had re-enacted its prohibitory laws.

ACTING FOR SECRETARY BLAINE.

Gen. Foster of Indiana Now at the Department of State.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 26.—Gen. John W. Foster, of Indiana, ex-minister to Russia, Spain, etc., who negotiated the recently made commercial treaty with Spain, had a long conference with President Harrison Monday morning, during which the Behring sea seal fisheries and other important diplomatic questions now pending were discussed. The report that Gen. Foster was acting for Secretary Blaine in the principal diplomatic problems unfinished during the absence of the latter has been confirmed.

A Skillful Diplomate.

While no official statement is made upon the subject, it is well understood that Gen. Foster, who has the affairs of the department of state well in hand, will during the illness or absence of Secretary Blaine look after the completion of the most important matters requiring diplomatic skill. Gen. Foster has for many years been regarded as one of the most skillful diplomates in the country, and the Behring sea or any other problem would be safe in his charge. Secretary Blaine is not expected to return here under some weeks, if not months.

President Harrison's Speeches.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 26.—The speeches which President Harrison made during his recent southern and western tour are being prepared in book form. Each speech will have an introduction giving the circumstances of the visit and the details of the reception. The volume will bring out the happiness of the president's expressions. It will probably be used as campaign literature, and as such will be especially serviceable in the long tier of states through which the presidential party passed. John S. Schriver, who acted as courier for the party, is getting up the book.

From Salisbury to Blaine.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 26.—Lord Salisbury has at last made a sort of reply to Secretary Blaine's proposition that a limited catch of seals in Alaskan waters be permitted the present season. It is not at all a decisive one and is in effect that the English premier is considering the proposal, and will very soon announce his opinion. The British minister has given it to be understood that Salisbury is fearful of the storm of indignation which has been provoked by the report that there is to be a closed season.

Frank of College Students.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., May 26.—The delegation which the Athletic association of the University of Illinois appointed to attend the interstate field day contest at St. Louis, procured old clothes and, dressed as tramps, beat their way from Champaign to St. Louis and back.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS.

Desperate Conflict Between Father and Son for a Girl.

LEWISTOWN, Me., May 26.—A dispatch from Bethel, on the Grand Trunk railroad, in the extreme western portion of the state, gives the particulars of a terrible tragedy between a father and son for the possession of a young woman. The affair occurred in a lumber town in the Rangely lake region, and the parties implicated are all lumbermen. About two years ago Peter Lancrarc, a French-Canadian, who kept a country store, died, leaving his business and some $2,000 to his only child, Jeannie, who was then 16 years of age. On his deathbed the father appointed Jackson Oldersbaw, a lumber boss, her guardian until she was 21.

Concluded to Elope.

Oldershaw was a widower with an only son, Roger, a young man aged 23. Both father and son were men of passionate and selfish natures and both cast covetous eyes on young Jeannie and her little fortune. The old man had great influence over the girl, who stood much in fear of him, and after persistent persuasion on his part promised to marry him, although she preferred the son. The latter learned of his father's intentions and got the girl to promise to elope with him on Monday night. They attempted to steal off while the elder Oldershaw was away, but he returned unexpectedly and caught them in the act.

Both Men Had Axes.

In a fit of rage he drew a revolver and fired at his son, but the girl jumped between them and received the ball in her shoulder. In falling she knocked the pistol out of Oldershaw's hand and he grabbed an ax to save himself from his son, who rushed at him with a similar weapon. The two men fought like tigers, both being badly cut, when the elder slipped in the blood which flowed from the girl's wound, and while down his son nearly severed his head. Oldershaw died instantly, and the son has fled. The last heard of the girl is that she is not expected to live.

IN TRUE WESTERN STYLE.

Attempt to "Hold Up" a Train in the State of Maine.

BANGOR, Me., May 26.—A gang of four or five desperadoes attempted to hold up a train at Enfield Monday evening. The train was bound for St. John, and when it had passed Enfield station several shots were fired at the engineer. Just as the train was drawing out of Enfield a man was discovered by the fireman crawling over the tender. He shouted to the engineer to stop the train, but the latter paid no notice to his request. But subsequently the bell was rung, and after the ringing was repeated the train was brought to a stop. Immediately a party of four men began firing on the train. The leader was armed with a shotgun and the others were armed with revolvers

After the Desperadoes.

The belief is that the men wanted to rifle the mail car. The engineer, however, started the train and succeeded in getting beyond the reach of the desperadoes' bullets before anybody was hurt. The station agent at Enfield fled for his life. He was in the act of hanging out the signal lamp when the gang fired upon him. One of the bullets struck the lantern and shattered it. The affair has aroused the greatest excitement in this section. Officers will be sent in pursuit of the gang, and every effort will be made to effect their capture.

NOVEL CHURCH LITIGATION.

Two of the Congregation in a Law Fight Over a Pew.

GREEN'S FARMS, Conn., May 26.—Pew No. 64 in the Congregational church of this place was vacant Sunday for the first time in many years, John J. Alvord, who has worshiped there so long, having been enjoined by order of court from occupying it. The injunction was secured by John H. Elwood, a rival claimant for the pew. For a long time there has been bitter rivalry between the two men about this pew, which is in what is profanely termed the "amen" corner.

Alvord Shuts Out His Competitor.

Alvord was not present at the recent annual sale, and Elwood put in a successful bid and secured the prize. But Alvord refused to relinquish his claim, and occupied the pew for two Sundays afterward. Elwood and his family also took seats in it, to the consternation of the congregation. Last Sunday and the Sunday before, however, Alvord brought out all his big flock and filled the pew so full that none of Mr. Elwood's could get in. Mr. Elwood appealed to the law.

Defaulter in the Sum of $20,000.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Cornelius A. King, business manager for the Hinchliffe Bros.' large brewing concern in Paterson, N. J., and a well-known citizen of that city, was Monday announced to be a defaulter in $20,000. King had charge of the firm's business in New York and failed to turn over the cash. He entered the employ of the Hinchliffe Bros. about four years ago as a general salesman and collector in New York. King always seemed to give the most careful attention to business. He had removed his family to this city, where they to all appearance lived together happily. No one suspected that King was living beyond his income. He disappeared a week ago.

Dismissed for Preaching Socialism.

BERLIN, May 26.—Two boys have just been dismissed from the high school at Dessau for preaching Socialism among their schoolmates. Another boy was sent away from the school some time ago for a similar offense. It was learned in that case that the boy had been incited by certain Socialists to influence his companions in favor of the forbidden doctrines, and the necessity of further dismissals would seem to indicate that the seed thus sown has borne fruit.

Mr. Blaine Receives Visitors.

NEW YORK, May 26.—Secretary Blaine's strength was pretty well tested by his ride Monday and it has now been determined to take him to Bar Harbor early next week. He is now physically well, the gout has disappeared and indigestion troubles him no more. He consented to receive visitors for the first time Tuesday. As several foreign ministers are in town at present, it is likely they will call on Mr. Blaine.

Fatally Hurt in a Log Jam.

ANOKA, Minn., May 26.—Donald Kennedy was caught in a log jam in a big eddy above Milaca yesterday. Both legs were broken and he sustained internal injuries, from which he died soon after.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

The Omnibus Drivers of Paris Go on Strike.

POLICE RESERVES CALLED OUT.

Several of the Strikers Placed Under Arrest for Cutting Traces and Compelling Non-Union Drivers to Leave the 'Busses—A Jewish Financier Ordered Out of Moscow—Engagement Between Portuguese and British Troops.

PARIS, May 25.—The omnibus drivers of the city have struck for a working day of twelve hours. They also demand that dismissed unionist drivers shall be instated. As soon as the strike was declared on the men at once surrounded the stables and offices of the omnibus companies with the avowed purpose of preventing the passage to or from of "blacklegs" who might attempt to take their places. So threatening was the attitude of the strikers that the companies deemed it advisable to abandon the attempt to run the vehicles.

Several Rioters Arrested.

Later, however, the officials succeeded in running a few of the omnibuses out of the stables and past the groups of angry men who swarmed about the buildings. An attempt was then made to send the stages out over their routes, whereupon the strikers at once rushed forward to the attack, cutting the traces, compelling the drivers to dismount, and leaving the abandoned conveyances in the middle of the street. The police reserves were called out and succeeded in clearing the streets after having arrested several of the rioters, including the president of the union.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

A Well-Known Financier Ordered Out of the City of Moscow.

LONDON, May 25.—The Moscow correspondent of The Times says: The well-known Jewish financier, Herr Goldberger, director of the International Bank of Berlin, who recently arrived here to establish a branch of the Berlin house, was ordered by the police to quit the city in twenty-four hours. Some friends of the financier got the order rescinded, but Herr Goldberger departed in disgust. A committee has been formed to provide distressed Jews with railway tickets. The bulk of the Russian people disapprove of the expulsions which continue, although the committee prevents the inhuman enforcement of the decree. The children of free Jews are warned that unless they obtain a university decree by the age of 21 years, they will be expelled, although entrance to the universities is now practically barred.

A Fiend Incarnate.

PARIS, May 25.—An extraordinary case of juvenile precocity in crime is reported from Oynanz, in the department of Ain. The criminal, a boy 12 years old named Maroc, has confessed that he enticed a child of only 4 into the woods under the pretense of gathering flowers for him, and there, pretending to show the child a fish in the river, pushed him in and stoned him each time he came to the surface or attempted to climb up the bank until his exhausted victim was drowned. The young desperado then coolly returned to the village. He was arrested and confessed in detail his whole villainy.

Medal for Prince George.

LONDON, May 25.—A medal has been struck in St. Petersburg in honor of courage displayed by young Prince George of Greece in defending the czarewitch from the Japanese fanatic who wounded him. The latest information from Kioto is that, after several other Japanese had run up and seized the would-be murderer, and were holding him powerless in their grasp, Prince George hit the man on the head with a stick, nearly stunning him.

Portuguese and British Fight.

LONDON, May 25.—Dispatches received here from Lourenzo Marquez, a Portuguese town of Afrika, on the north side of Delagoa bay, confirm the report of an engagement having taken place between the Portuguese and the British. At the time of the engagement the Portuguese were marching on Fort Salisbury, and had arrived within twenty yards of the fort when the British opened fire, killing seven and wounding twenty of the Portuguese.

Beats the Ghost Dance.

LONDON, May 25.—The so-called "jumping procession," a "spring procession" at Echternach, in Luxemburg, was held last week and was attended by 8,000 pilgrims, a much smaller number than that of former years. The procession moves from Echternach bridge to the chapel of Willebrodus, a distance of 1,225 feet. The pilgrims had to jump two feet ahead and one foot backward all the way, and that for hours, in a heavy rainstorm.

The Explosion at Posso Pantaleo.

ROME, May 25.—Investigation into the recent explosion at Posso Pantaleo reveals the fact that the magazine was largely overloaded. It is believed that the explosion was directly due to the vibration caused by passing trains. The investigating commission advises the separation of loose powder from fulminators and bombs.

The Pope's Encyclical on Labor.

ROME, May 25.—Translations of the pope's encyclical will be distributed among workingmen of all countries. The document is regarded as an endorsement of the views of Cardinals Manning and Gibbons as contrasted with those of Bishop Freppel.

The Expulsion of Ex-Queen Natalie.

BELGRADE, May 25.—The prefect of Belgrade and an inspector of police have been retired and the minister of finance granted a long leave of absence owing to the regent's dissatisfaction with the way in which Queen Natalie's expulsion was carried out.

Treasurer Bardsley Arrested.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.—There have been no further developments in the case of City Treasurer Bardsley. Bardsley was arrested late Saturday night charged with appropriating $89,000 of the city's money. He was very ill when arrested—so ill in fact that no attempt was made to remove him from his bed. Two detectives have remained on guard in the house since the arrest. His family physician says it will not be possible for him to leave his bed for some time to come.

PRESBYTERIAN CONVENTION.

Proceedings of the General Assembly—Revision Shelved.

DETROIT, Mich., May 22.—The Presbyterian general assembly has shelved the revision question for a year by re-committing it to the local presbyteries. The stated clerk announced that the overtures of the presbyteries on the subject of revision that had been received during the year showed a total of 121 in favor and six against revision.

Rev. Herrick Johnson, of McCormick university, presented the report of the committee on unemployed ministers. The report urged that some plan be devised whereby every minister able to work should have work. The report was accepted.

The Briggs Case.

The first gun in the Briggs case was fired by Rev. J. J. Francis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who presented a resolution prescribing the method in which the general assembly should act in the exercise of its power to disapprove and veto appointments of professors in its theological seminaries. The resolution provided a parliamentary form of procedure for such cases, and it was referred to the standing committee on theological seminaries. After the adoption of several reports of minor committees the assembly took a recess.

William H. Green, of Princeton, has been elected moderator by the Presbyterian assembly.

SENSATION AT MEMPHIS.

A Shoe Firm Fails and the President Takes His Own Life.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 22.—The Hill Shoe company failed Thursday, and William Vilas Hill, the president of the company, immediately thereafter committed suicide. The failure of the firm was directly due to the failure of the Linn Davis Shoe company, which owed the Hill Shoe company between $300,000 and $400,000. President Hill received a telegram from the Lynn firm about 4 o'clock Thursday advising him to assign to protect himself. He gave orders soon after that this be done and without a word left the store. He went direct to his home on Pontotoc street, reaching their about 6 o'clock.

Suicided in the Bath Room.

Climbing over the rear fence he entered the house by the back door and went to his room. Here he undressed, and taking a Winchester rifle from its position over the fireplace, went to the bath room where he shot himself. No member of Mr. Hill's family was at home, and the servant did not hear the shot. The body was found when cold by a member of the family who had returned home for dinner. Mr. Hill was 32 years old, prominent in social circles, and a nephew of ex-Postmaster General Vilas. The liabilities of the company are about $400,000, and the assets $300,000. The creditors are principally eastern parties.

SUMMONED BY DEATH.

Ex-Secretary Taft Passes Away After a Lingering Illness.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—Ex-Secretary of War Alphonso Taft died Thursday morning at San Diego. The remains were taken east on Friday morning's train. Judge Taft leaves a widow, one daughter, and four sons. All three departments of the superior court adjourned as a mark of respect to Judge Taft. A meeting of the bar and bench was held at which eulogistic resolutions regarding Judge Taft were adopted.

The Jackson-Corbett Fight.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—The great contest between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson, the two heavy-weight pugilists, for the championship and a purse of $10,000, was declared a draw at the conclusion of the sixty-first round. Hiram Cook, the referee, decided Friday to declare the Corbett-Jackson fight "no contest," which is different from a draw and means that the battle must be foug t over again.

Flames at Sioux City, Iowa.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, May 20.—Early Wednesday morning fire was discovered in the upper story of the Sioux City oil mill, and in two hours the mill was in ruins. The elevator, with 25,000 bushels of flaxseed, was saved. The mill was one of the largest in the world, costing $465,000, and was owned by the National Linseed Oil company, of Chicago. The insurance is said to be ample to cover the loss. The mill will be rebuilt.

Booth's Son in a Bad Light.

LONDON, May 25.—The St. James Gazette asserts that Bramwell Booth, a son of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army, is a creditor to the amount of £2,000 of the bankrupt broker Taylor. This fact the Gazette declares, shows that there has been an exchange of funds between Booth and Taylor for use in mutual stock gambling operations, which demands a prompt and full explanation.

Suicide of a Young Lady.

BEMENT, Ills., May 25.—Miss Belle Camp, daughter of E. C. Camp, one of Bement's oldest and most respected citizens, committed suicide by hanging Friday morning at an early hour. No reason has been found nor can any cause be given. The body was found in the coal house by the father. Miss Camp was 23 years of age and esteemed by all who knew her.

Must Produce the Telegrams.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 25.—The United States court has ordered the Western Union Telegraph company to furnish the grand jury with copies of all telegrams between Trumbull and Bent relating to the Robert and Minnie, or Itata between April 1 and May 15.

Elected a Bishop of Texas.

AUSTIN, Tex., May 25.—The council of the Episcopal church of the diocese of Texas after two days' deliberation, unanimously elected Rev. C. M. Beckwith, of Christ church, Houston, to be assistant bishop of this diocese. Dr. Beckwith is a Virginian, having been born in that state in 1853.

Place for Ex-Congressman Grosvenor.

NEW YORK, May 20.—The World's Columbus, Ohio, special says that it has been decided by the Washington authorities to appoint ex-Congressman Grosvenor to a foreign mission, and that his appointment will be announced in a few days.

Two Children Burned to Death.

MINNEAPALIS, May 25.—Two children of Felix Mahler, yardmaster of the Great Northern, were burned to death by the explosion of a gasoline stove. The mother and her babe were also badly burned.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Sheriff Luna, of Valencia county, N. M., reports over 2,000 people homeless in his county on the east bank of the Rio Grande. Their houses and crops have been destroyed by the flood.

The Grape Creek, Ills., coal miners resumed work at 60 cents a ton.

West of Salina, Kan., all crops on an area two miles wide and ten miles long were destroyed by a cloudburst and hail storm.

While his wife was absent consulting a physician concerning his health William Bermilie, a farmer, committed suicide near Sandusky, Ohio, by hanging himself.

President Harrison has commuted to life imprisonment the death sentences against the Navassa rioters.

At Lima, Ohio, William Osman, while drunk, attacked Bob Shirtliff with a knife and stabbed him to death. Osman was only released from the penitentiary Sunday.

A convention of Ohio farmer will be held the latter part of July for the purpose of organizing an independent political party.

The Ohio live stock commission have had several horses shot in Fayette and Madison counties with a view to prevent the spread of glanders.

Frankie Fox, the 6-year-old child of George Fox, of Fort Wayne, Ind., wandered from home to the St. Mary's river and was drowned.

The Duke of Fife thought he ought to have had a son, and is disappointed that his first-born should be a daughter.

It is estimated that every seal consumes about ten pounds of fish daily.

A young Philadelphia fellow advertised for a wife and his sister answered.

Heligoland is not to be made another Gibraltar, but will be fortified on a small scale, so as to be of some use to Germany in case of war.

In twenty years there has been no counterfeiting of Uncle Sam's postage stamps.

Two Chinese babies recently sent to a New York foundling asylum were subsequently adopted by respectable families.

John R. Johnston, who, while acting as a trained nurse to William S. Dunning, of Detroit, Mich., in New York, robbed him of money and jewelry of considerable value, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Col. L. M. Dayton, an intimate military companion of the late Gen. Sherman, died at the Queen City club, in Cincinnati.

By the decision of Judge Thayer of the United States court, at St. Louis, Mo., a trust company has no recourse at law if a member of the trust violates the agreement and goes into business again.

The pay-roll of the servants alone of George W. Childs' country place at Bryn Mawr amounts to $1,000 a month. This is said to be the finest country residence in the United States.

There is a big gold excitement near Springfield, Ohio. The work of sinking a shaft has already commenced.

Baron Alphonse von Freinstein, of Potsdam, has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for seducing girls, his victims being 10 and 11 years of age.

Secretary Rusk, of the department of agriculture, has ordered that all sheep and swine imported through Canada from Europe should be subjected to fifteen days' quarantine.

Her Wermuth, a member of the privy council and an attache of the ministry of the interior, has been appointed imperial commissioner for Germany at the Chicago World's fair

It is proposed that ex-Senator Wade Hampton shall be made president of South Carolina university.

The Kentucky Prohibitionists have nominated Josiah Harris, of Paducah, for governor.

Isaac Foutz, a well-to-do farmer living near Dayton, Ohio, who raised $12,000 on notes alleged to be forged, was arrested and is now in the Dayton jail.

The czarewitch has so far recovered from his wound that he has been able to leave Japan for Vladivostock.

The name of the David B. Hill Democratic club, of Utica, N. Y., has been changed to the Edward F. Jones club.

A woman in Slater, Mo., pricked her finger while handling insect powder, and suffered severely from the poison for some months.

Green B. Raum, Jr., says the $73 he is accused of taking from the government funds was given to him for safe keeping by a law clerk in the pension office. He returned the money to the clerk when the latter asked for it.

George B. Howard, a pension agent, of Mound City, Ills., has been arrested for misappropriating the funds of his clients.

Thirteen more women then men voted at the municipal election in Cawker City, Kan.

A cow belonging to a farmer near Marshalltown, Iowa, is the proud mother of triplets.

A Baltimore man had earache continually for eleven years. Finally he recovered and delight drove him insane.

A new watch factory, with a capital stock of $250,000, has been located at Rockford, Ills.

For fifteen weeks the life of E. H. Whitney, of Saybrook, Ills., has been kept up solely by injections. He swallowed carbolic acid by mistake and his stomach was burned out. He will die.

A 15-year-old son of William Wealand, living near Marshall, Ills., fell from a horse he was riding and his foot became entangled in the harness. He was dragged all over a field, the horse kicking him at every step. He was dead when reached.

The highest premium on gold in the United States during the civil war was 285, and that figure was touched only for a few minutes. Gold in the Argentine Republic is 390, however, in a period of profound peace.

Eleven Italians were buried by the caving of a sewer at Providence, R. I. Four were killed.

The regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. has been declared by the C., B. and Q. directors.

The Fort Dodge, Iowa, Presbytery proposes to remove its college from that city unless the citizens will raise a fund of $20,000 for new buildings.

Mayor Mosby, of Cincinnati, has notified the president of the base ball club that Sunday games of ball will be prevented by the arrest of the players if necessary.

A report comes from Leadville of the discovery of an arrow head, made of tempered copper, and of a number of human bones, in the Rocky Point mines, near Gilman, Colo. The relics were discovered 400 feet below the surface of the earth, imbedded in a vein of silver-bearing ore. More than $100 worth of ore clung to the bones when they were removed from the mine. Here is a puzzle for the geologists.

Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia, says that no person can be legally compelled to leave his house and be treated in a hospital, even if he have small-pox or other contagious disease.

Tuesday next an application will be made to render absolute the decree nisi in the divorce case of Capt. and Mrs. O'Shea, in which Mr. Parnell figured as the corespondent.

The body of Frank Lapesky, a Kansas medicine peddler, was found hanging from a tree near Wichita. It is thought he was murdered.

Joseph Letal, a farmer living near Eradony, Hungary, killed his three children by crushing their skulls with a spade. He then attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, but, failing in this, he finally hanged himself to a doorpost. Sudden insanity is supposed to be the explanation of the tragedy.

The bill granting to women municipal suffrage has been tabled in the Illinois senate.

The East Tennessee Farmers' convention passed a resolution requesting the governor to call a special session of the legislature for the purpose of making an appropriation for the World's fair.

The Woman's Missionary association of the United Brethren church, in session at Decatur, Ills., has decided to build a church at Portland, Ore., and pledges itself to maintain the minister for five years.

Judge Boggs closed court at Mount Vernon, Ills., Friday, leaving many untried cases, on the ground that the jury had not been made up according to law.

The Judge Botkin impeachment case before the Kansas senate ended in the acquital of the judge.

At Wabash, Ind., Neil Jones, while drunk, bit off the entire upper lip of David Boblett, a friend.

Fire destroyed the machine shops and bolt department of the Knoxville, Iron company at Knoxville, Tenn. The loss is about $80,000.

The California Athletic association has decided to give Jackson and Corbett $2,500 each for their exhibition Thursday evening, and to offer them $7,500 to fight before the club again.

The Woman's National Missionary association of the United Brethren church, in session at Decatur, Ills., is opposed to the World's fair being kept open Sundays.

Three sheepherders were killed in a fight at Ojo Le Frigo, N. M.

Miss Helen Clark, a Blackfoot Indian woman, has been appointed a special allotting agent by Secretary Noble.

Tennis Hampton, colored, charged with the murder of E. H. Webber, in 1889, was lynched by a mob at Beardsley's, La.

The eighty-fourth ballot in the Florida senatorial fight stood: Call, 51; Mays, 43; Bloxham, 2

The Iowa miners have decided to stand by the action of their state officers, and to that end demand eight hours' work and pay every two weeks.

An attempt was made to wreck the Chicago express on the Monon line near Frankfort, Ind. The engineer saw the obstruction in time to avoid disaster.

George Mabbitt, a farmer living near Frankfort, Ind., was killed by a stroke of lightning while driving on the highroad.

A resident of New Moorefield, Ohio, has a cat which has adopted an infant skunk and is as attached to it as to her own kittens.

New Zealand is shipping butter to England. If kept at a temperature not above 45 degrees it arrives in excellent condition.

A surgeon in Manchester, who has operated in 139 cases of cancer of the tongue, reports 119 recoveries and twenty deaths.

A bill sticking machine, which sticks without ladder or paste pot, has made its appearance in the streets of Paris, and does its work well.

Two young men, named Johnston and Coward, became involved in a quarrel in Jonesboro, Ark., when Johnston's father came to the rescue, separating the young men. Coward then turned on the peacemaker and fatally stabbed him, whereupon young Johnston shot Coward twice. Both will die.

Edward Zaiser, aged 20, was fatally shot in his home on South Hill, Burlington, Iowa, by a burglar.

Alexander King, a negro farmer living near Vicksburg, Miss., had quarreled with his son and had secured a gun to shoot him. He changed his mind, however, and in setting the weapon down, still cocked, it was discharged, the shot entering his breast.

The salutatorian at Hampton institute this year is an Indian girl, who, under the title, "The Woman of the Pretty Land," gives a vivid picture of Indian wretchedness and wrong, a personal reminiscence of the Custer massacre.

John W. Hart has issued an urgent call to the Prohibitionists of Illinois for contributions to the state fund.

Ex-President Arthur's old home on Lexington avenue, New York, is for sale.

A cloud-burst Saturday about a mile from Boise City, Idaho, caused such a rush of water that the bed of the old creek that ran through the city was filled and the city partially flooded. The damage to property will be about $50,000.

Theresa Heman, wife of the Oshkosh marble cutter, decamped with about $400 of her husband's money. She bought a ticket for Europe. The Oshkosh police telegraphed to Chicago to intercept her, but she had left there before the telegram arrived.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dolla

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1891

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Alabama."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"The Patrol."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers, "A Straight Tip."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Romany Rye.."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Robt. McWade, "Rip Van Winkle."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—Tony Pastor.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CAPTAIN D—," City.—The fellow is beneath any decent man's notice.

"GEOGRAPHER," St. Paul—Ireland has ninety deep water harbors, fourteen of which can float the combined navies of the world.

"ULSTER," City—Your English friend is a bloody h'ass, you know. If the English had been as pious as the Irish, they would, most likely, be in bondage also. But they always sacrificed their souls to their stomachs.

"SCHOOLBOY," City—Your right name is "O'Neill," and if your mother or sisters want you to call yourself 'Neill," they simply show their own ignorance and slavishness. The name O'Neill, or, in fact any name that carries "O" as a prefix, is a thousand times more euphonious, and illustrious, than Hotchkiss, Snodgrass, Hitchcock, Smithkins, Wilkins, Boggs, Scroggs, Baggs, Daggs, Alcock, Cockham, Scroggins, Boggins, Sneezefirst, Coughemupp, Bletterhorn, Bungleton, Gumbleton, Fillgate, Postgate, Applegate, Twiggs, Briggs, Diggs, Spriggs or Miggs.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MR. PARNELL'S LATEST BOON TO IRELAND.

Mr. William E. Redmond, M. P., whose arrival in this city was chronicled last week, has gone to Rochester, N. Y., on a patriotic mission, but will be in Chicago again this week for the purpose of organizing a meeting in the interest of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Redmond, who is accompanied by his wife, will make the Grand Pacific Hotel his headquarters, and will be pleased to receive there all friends of the cause. A preliminary meeting was held at the hotel last Sunday afternoon, and another will be held in the same place next Sunday (tomorrow) evening at 8 o'clock sharp.

A representative of THE CITIZEN had a talk with Mr. Redmond relative to the new Irish land bill, which is now being pushed in the British parliament, and is certain to become a law within a very short time. Mr. Redmond explained that the chief drawback to Ireland's prosperity was the constant stream of emigration, resulting from the nonproprietorship of the farming classes of the people in the land. At the present rate of decrease, Celtic and national Ireland would be certain to disappear entirely within a few decades. This greatly alarms Mr. Parnell, and this is why he has always preferred practicality to sentiment in the matter of "rooting the Irish people to their native soil." He obtained the Land bill of 1881 from the Whigs, and that of 1887 from the Tories. The present bill has a wider and more significant scope than any of its predecessors. It gives $165,000,000 (£33,000,000) from the imperial treasury to the Irish tenant farmers for the buying out of the landlords. No interest will be charged, and some 30 or 40 years will be allowed for the payment of the capital back into the treasury. Mr. Redmond calculated, and it was the calculation of the whole Irish party, outside of a few McCarthyites, that the measure would reduce existing rents in Ireland 35 or 40 per cent., with the advantage to the tenants of absolutely owning their farms when the principal is paid back.

The great difficulty about the bill, in the first place, Mr. Redmond said, was that Mr. Parnell and his supporters feared there might be a rush on the part of the richer farmers to avail themselves exclusively of the act, to the great injury of their poorer fellow countrymen. Mr. Parnell labored hard to correct the evil, and finally succeeded, Mr. Secretary Balfour himself having been forced to acknowledge the justice and wisdom of his views.

The dream of former Irish leaders—the creation of a farmer—hang the word "peasant"—proprietorship in the soil—will, Mr. Redmond thinks, thus be realized, in great part at least, and the Irish people have Mr. Parnell to thank for it in the main. It will cause the disheartening volume of emigration to fall away to nearly the natural amount, and will thus, within a generation or so, build up the physical strength of Ireland, now so sadly depleted.

When Mr. Redmond was asked whether the measure might not render the Irish farmers subserviently loyal to the English connection as it stood at present, he replied that such a result could not be anticipated. A prosperous people always desired to become more prosperous, and national pride would be the necessary outcome of better homes, better food and better clothing. The tendency of the act would be to obliterate agrarian crimes, for which no necessity or excuse would then exist, and to make all classes of the Irish people more united and self reliant.

In any case, Mr. Redmond observed, it was the only method by which Ireland's ebbing life blood could be stayed, and this had ever been Mr. Parnell's opinion, to which he had clung with invincible tenacity, through good and evil report. Mr. Redmond was amazed, considering all that Parnell, whatever might be his human weakness, had done for Ireland and the Irish, that any of the people he had served so faithfully should prove false to and revile him.

THE CITIZEN shares Mr. Redmond's amazement, and hopes that the clouds will speedily pass away from the eyes of such Irishmen as still regard their benefactor with distrust or abhorrence. It also wishes Mr. Redmond the very fullest measure of success in his patriotic mission. Chicago owes the representatives of Mr. Parnell a full, fair and friendly hearing at least.

WHOLESOME TRUTHS REGARDING IRISH POLITICS.

An esteemed correspondent, residing at Annapolis, N.S., sends us a long letter in which he denounces Mr. Parnell and his friends in a furious manner, and blames THE CITIZEN for advocating the retirement of the Irish bishops and priests from belligerent Irish politics. Our correspondent is a very wise and moderate man, no doubt, but his memory appears to be sadly defective. THE CITIZEN remembers a letter from the same gentleman, written a comparatively short time ago, in which he lauded Mr. Parnell to the skies and found great fault with us for seeking to spur that gentleman to greater efforts. Wise and moderate, and even pious, men sometimes betray the inconsistency of ordinary mortals. Our correspondent has forgotten his former fanatical devotion to Mr. Parnell, and now he goes into ecstacies over the patriotism exhibited by the bishops of Ireland in seeking to depose that leader.

The gentleman from Nova Scotia has, we believe, a great feeling of respect and admiration for Mr. Timothy Healy. Well Mr. Healy is recognized as the *de facto* head of the anti Parnellite movement in Great Britain, Ireland and elsewhere. His onslaughts on Mr. Parnell have been bitter to indecency, and even his own colleagues, or followers, have been more or less shocked by his language. Mr. Healy was thoroughly familiar with Mr. Parnell's alleged relations with Mrs. O'Shea many years ago, and so were Messrs. McCarthy, Sexton, "Tay Pay" O'Connor, and all the other parliamentary virtuosities who now denounce him for sins with which some of themselves are not entirely unfamiliar, if common report does not belie them. In fact, Mr. T. M Harrington, M. P., has broadly hinted that some, at least, of Parnell's foes in the Irish Parliamentary party can not stand a microscopical examination of their moral standing.

Let us recall to the Nova Scotian statesman's mind that the divorce proceedings in the Parnell-O'Shea case were had, and the verdict declared, before the celebrated Leinster hall meeting of last fall was held in Dublin, and that, anterior even to that event, the Irish Parliamentary party, in committee room No. 15 of the house of commons, with full and complete knowledge of Mr. Parnell's alleged moral turpitude elected him, for the eleventh time, their chairman by a unanimous vote, accompanied with cheers and other noisy demonstrations of affectionate enthusiasm. Why, then, was it reserved for Gladstone's letter to Morley, in which he hinted at resignation if the Irish retained Parnell as leader, to open the eyes of the giddy parliamentarians to the unforgivable character of Mr. Parnell's alleged offense? Did any Irish bishop publicly, or even privately, denounce Mr. Parnell until the loquacious Englishman cracked his whip? Our best information is that some, at least, of the Irish hierarchs approved the course of the Irish party in re-electing Mr. Parnell, and we know that very many Irish priests, then, and since, and now, believe in his visible leadership of the Irish movement.

But let us judge the McCarthyite leader's peculiar course out of his own mouth. Following is the full text of Healy's Leinster hall speech, Nov. 20, 1890, delivered only a few days before Gladstone wrote his ill starred letter to Morley:

I hope my voice will be sufficiently strong to enable me to reach the limits of this vast meeting, and allow me to say that in the words that I shall address to it, I shall endeavor to address myself to the head rather than to the heart, and to keep myself, as far as I can, to arguing this question with timid friends outside upon the cold granite of facts. First, let me say to friends in England that we are as anxious to say or do nothing to lower or depress the moral standard of our people as they are. Secondly, let me say that Mr. Parnell has done nothing for the English people. He has done a great deal for us, and, therefore, we may be permitted to look at this question in a very different manner from the way in which they regard it.

We were born Nationalists. We were born Irishmen. We remember the time, not yet ten years ago, when Ireland stood, ragged and distressed, begging at the gate of the nations, when our representation in parliament was a byword and disgrace, when the sacred house of commons, that atmosphere and throne of purity, was little better than an auction mart for the honor of Irish representatives; and I would ask the English people can we at such a moment forget who it is that has changed all that? The dream of Grattan, when the Union passed, was the creation of a National party from Ireland. He did not live to see it. O'Connell in his proudest days never had thirty men to follow him in the house of commons, and of these thirty half of them were bribable. And when, in 1852, a National party was attempted to be formed, it failed under the treason of Keogh and of Sadlier. And at length, when we have secured a National party, and when after ten years of dreariness and weariness we have brought this question forward, so that no man can dare deny us, is it now, in this moment, within sight of the Promised Land, that we are to be asked to throw our entire organization back once more into the melting-pot?

I would say to the English people and to our friends in England two things—the right of Ireland to home rule, the right of Ireland to put down misgovernment, oppression, and coercion; the right of the majority of the Irish people to rule their own land depends upon the personal character of no man. That is my first proposition. Having established that, I say then the Irish people and the Irish party are sovereign in their own domain. And if the English people are willing to cede to us our rights and liberties upon domestic questions, I say, of all questions, this is a domestic question. I say, then, that if they are convinced of the righteousness of home rule, the instruments that we select for the purpose of guiding us towards it is a matter for us, and not for them. Therefore, having established myself upon these two facts, I say that for our English friends the case ought practically to be settled.

I would say this further, that they must remember that for Ireland and for Irishmen Mr. Parnell is less a man than an institution. We have under the shadow of his name secured for Ireland a power and an authority in the councils of Great Britain and the world such as we never possessed before. And when I see a demand made for retirement and resignation, I ask them to remember the futility thereof. Were Mr. Parnell tomorrow to resign his seat for Cork he would be instantly re-elected. Will Mr. Balfour go thither and oppose him with the battle-cry of light railways and heavy sentences? And if he were elected for Cork, would not his re-election to his former position by his colleagues follow as a matter of course? Therefore, I ask our friends, our timid friends, to consider the futility of their proposition. "Oh, but," they say, "does that not prove the servility of the Irish party? Does that not prove the servility of Irishmen?" I say, in the first place, with regard to the servility of Irishmen and of the Irish party, a more independent people and a more independent party does not exist. Servile to Mr. Parnell! Who is servile to him? I am no man's man but Ireland's; and if I stand here tonight, as I gladly do, to second this resolution, I do so, not for the sake of Mr. Parnell as an individual, but for the sake of Ireland as a nation.

We are not sentimental politicians. We have no room for sentiment. I think if it existed in our souls the ten years that we have gone through would have pretty well driven it out. But I say this, that when we have had a prolonged experience, and when we have seen victory after victory achieved by our leader, while I subscribe to the Napoleonic doctrine that no man is indispensable, I say yet it would be criminal on our part, it would be criminal—aye, it would be absurd and foolish in the highest degree—were we, at a moment like this, because of a temporary outcry over a case that in London would be forgotten tomorrow if there were a repetition of the Whitechapel murders or some more scandals from the Gold Coast connected with Mr. Stanley's voyage.

I say we would be foolish and criminal if we, the seasoned politicians, who had seen and who had been able to watch the vagaries and tempests of political passion, if we, upon an occasion of this kind, at the very first blast of opposition, surrender the great chief who has led us so far forward. And let me say this, and let me put it to our friends, which is the more decent attitude on behalf of the Irish people and on behalf of the Irish party, if we, who have been for ten years under the leadership of this man, and who have been accused of harboring all kinds of sinister ambitions, of greedy desire to pull him down, if we joined with this howling pack, would that be a noble spectacle before the nations? And if the Irish people, for whom he has done so much, for whom he has braved so much, if they were so frivolous and lightheaded as to permit themselves at the first sound of this wretched and unfortunate case to be dragged away from the support they have hitherto accorded Mr. Parnell, all I can say is that this Irish nation would be my nation no more. Further, let me put it to the meeting, would it not be a most unhappy spectacle if we allowed ourselves to present to the world the view of a number of men taking advantage, rejoicing, I may almost say, at the downfall of our leader, but furthermore, if we gave our enemies the satisfaction of knowing that they could set each of us at each other's throats in the grasp and struggle of ambition to see which of us would take his place.

Already I observe in one quarter, where at least we might have expected was silence—I observe a recommendation of retirement. Some of you may have heard of the king who never said a foolish thing—King Charles II.—who said to his brother, James, afterwards of unfortunate memory in Ireland—James II. "Nobody," said he, "my friend, will ever kill me to make you king"—and for my part, when I think of the possibilities—I don't say of the likelihood, but of the possibilities—of what might occur were we to join in this demand for the dethronement of Mr. Parnell, I see a very pretty party working for Ireland in the house of commons. You would have, perhaps, a socialist—you would, perhaps, have a land nationalization party; then you would have a group, perhaps, on behalf of the plumbers, and another, perhaps, on behalf of the barristers, and for anything I know the attorneys might want one, and say that their interests were not properly considered or represented in the party as it was heretofore constituted. For my part I decline to take the cork out of the soda-water bottle to see the "fizz."

I am satisfied with the National party, and by the National party and the National leader I shall abide. Let me, however, say this, that while we owe a duty to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Parnell owes a duty to us. We have stood by Mr. Parnell; Mr. Parnell must stand by us. He, too, as we have to consider our position, let him consider his, and as we are acting with sole thought to the interests of Ireland, so we may fairly demand that in every act and determination and resolution of his he shall act with equal singleness of purpose. I make no doubt of his patriotism; and I will only say, in conclusion, as my strength at present is not great, that I join with my friend, Mr. McCarthy, in the metaphor that he has used of the passengers sailing in a ship under an experienced captain, and I will at this time of crisis and stress and struggle, recommend to you and to those outside the weather-beaten monition, "You are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel."

NOW THE CITIZEN submits to the wise, moderate and pious man from Nova Scotia, and to others like him, that they can no more go back upon the Leinster hall speeches of Mr. Healy than Mohammedans upon the Koran. Mr. Healy is the Mohammed of the enemies of Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Healy was, undoubtedly, speaking his own sentiments at Leinster hall. Since then he has been speaking the sentiments of Harcourt, Labouchere, Morley & Co., who have the ear of Gladstone, and work the poor old man's tongue and pen by operating on that organ.

As far as THE CITIZEN'S attitude toward the bishops and the priests, whom the bishops control in Irish politics, is concerned, it has always been consistent. It has never denied, or sought to deny, their right to exercise their citizen prerogative in a secular sense; but, having in mind the bishops' fatal interference with the designs of Roderick O'Connor, when he marched against Strongbow, Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, when those adventurers first invaded Ireland; their equally fatal interference, at the behest of Pope John XXII., when Edward Bruce and the Gaelic Scotch sought to free their kindred nation; their third fatal interference in favor of the Act of Union, and their never to be forgotten blunder when Keogh, Sadlier and their ilk, called the Pope's brass band, deluded and betrayed the Irish people in 1852-4, THE CITIZEN, in the interests of religion as well as nationality, cannot recede from its opinion that the hierarchy are much better out of politics. If this position offends or estranges anybody, we cannot help it.

Our correspondent has alluded to the patriotism of St. Lawrence O'Toole, archbishop of Dublin, when the Normans landed. Is he quite sure that the much venerated St. Lawrence was a wise patriot? On page 267 of the Abbe McGeohegan's History of Ireland, published by Haverty, he will find the following: "The monarch's (Roderick O'Connor) army was posted in marshes and woods where Henry (the II. of England) thought it prudent not to attack him; but a treaty was concluded between them some years afterward at Windsor, during the octave of St. Michael, through the medium of Lawrence (O'Toole), archbishop of Dublin, and Catholicus, or Codla O'Dubhay, archbishop of Tuam. The copy of this treaty is to be found in Roger Hoveden, an English writer of the same century, under date of the year 1175. The conditions were *that Roderick should pay an annual tribute to the king of England as lord of Ireland*; that he (Roderick) should always retain the title of monarch, and that the provincial kings should be dependent on him as previously."

Persons not thoroughly "posted" on Irish history should hesitate before treading on the controversial corns of THE CITIZEN. It hates to destroy old time illusions, but so much fulsome nonsense has been uttered about the patriotism of the Irish bishops, and more particularly St. Lawrence O'Toole, that it considers it a matter of duty to place the facts before its readers. As the Irish bishops who oppose Parnell are being held up to the world as models of political wisdom, not less than of spiritual perfection, it may be healthful to show that the saintliness of their lives as churchmen cannot be taken as a criterion of their wisdom in secular matters.

MARK WELL.

The new offices of THE CITIZEN are situated in the McCormick Block, Nos. 69 and 71 Dearborn street, just one door north of the old offices. Take the elevator and look pleasant.

RECENT IRISH HISTORY.

Mr. T. M. Harrington, M. P., who appears to be the historian of the present conflict in Ireland, speaking at Kingstown on May 13, said:

"As to the Galway election in '85 he wished to mention one remarkable fact. There was no man in the Irish party who, for years, gave any confidence or extended to Captain O'Shea any familiarity except Mr. Healy. He remembered an occasion a couple of months before the general election, when Mr. Healy departed from his (Mr. Haarington's) and Mr. William O'Brien's side and crossed the street to walk home with Captain O'Shea, and when Mr. Healy parted Captain O'Shea at his mansion, they refused to walk with him. Another fact might be of interest. He challenged Mr. Healy to deny whether before the Galway election Mr. Parnell expressly forbade him to dine with an English minister. What did Sir Thomas Esmonde do with reference to the election? When Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar were doing all they could to oppose Mr. Parnell, he (Mr. Harrington) and others sent a telegram to their colleagues to join in supporting Parnell. Five names were appended to the telegram, and one of those names was that of Sir Thomas Esmonde. After dinner, however, when they got in reply to that telegram the signatures of some seventy of their colleagues, Sir Thomas refused to append his. His (Mr. Harrington's) observation to him was, 'We don't require in politics boys like you, who can't make up your minds.' They were willing to listen to advice from any teacher, whether it came from platform or pulpit—and he wished they would be spared advice from pulpits on politics—they would give to that advice all the respect due to the men who gave it, but reserved to themselves the right of exercising their own judgment in matters that affected their political independence."

VOTE FOR JUDGE TUTHILL.

THE CITIZEN has been credibly informed that a combined effort will be made on the part of the Knownothing bigots, of all races and parties, to defeat at the polls the Hon. Richard S. Tuthill, judge of the circuit court, who has been renominated for the honorable office which he now holds. Judge Tuthill has a glorious war record, and his career upon the bench has clothed him with additional honors. He is opposed by the bigots for the reason that he dared at a recent meeting of the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America, held in the hall of Battery D, to defend the Irish and Catholic soldiers of the Union army against the virulent assaults of the Rev. Mr. Murray, a professional defamer of the Catholic religion.

If all the friends of the Irish and the Catholics, among the non-Irish and non-Catholic Americans, are to be proscribed and persecuted at the polls because of their fidelity to the broad principles of the constitution, which recognizes the equality of all creeds and races in this republic, what is to become of the future of the Irish race and the Catholic faith in America? Judge Tuthill, had he been a trimmer and a moral coward, could have kept silent, to his own advantage, perhaps, in the meeting to which we have referred. But he was too much of a man, of a loyal and liberal American gentleman, to shirk what he believed to be his citizen duty. The Irish American voters, and the Catholic citizens of all races, who were grossly and wantonly assailed, as well as the liberal men of other races and religions, should see to it, as in honor bound, that Judge Tuthill does not suffer at the polls for a chivalry not often displayed in this selfish and materialistic age.

THE CITIZEN hopes that every liberal vote will be cast for Judge Tuthill next Monday. It is fully aware that other Republicans, whom the Irish, Catholic and liberal voters sustained on far weaker grounds, we might say "under false pretenses," and who were elected by such votes, proved treacherous and ungrateful once victory was assured, but Judge Tuthill broke his lance in favor of civil and religious liberty in a place, and at a time, which can leave no doubt as to his manhood and sincerity. To the polls, then, and vote for him to a man.

HEALY, BISHOP NULTY AND PARNELL.

Speaking at Mullingar, on May 16, Mr. T. M. Harrington, M.P., said: "They were told that the general sense of the people was against Mr. Parnell's leadership, but what he observed to day was that every man who was with them in the past is with them still, and was true to the programme which they adopted then. They were told by the English newspapers that at the next election Mr. Parnell would return with only eight representatives. If that statement were true Mr. Parnell with eight representatives would strike more terror into English parties than ninety-nine of those opposed to him. Mr. Healy drafted the resolutions for the Leinster hall meeting with his own hand, and when he was drafting the resolutions he said: 'I dined with Dr. Nulty, the great Bishop of Meath, last night, and he said there was nothing for us to do but to stick by Mr. Parnell.' Others might think it well to go back on their pledges, but we stand today where we stood from the beginning."

THE JUDICIAL TICKETS.

The non-partisan judicial ticket, for judges of the circuit court of Cook county, to be voted for next Monday, is as follows: Murray F. Tuley, Lorin C. Collins, Jr., Frand Baker, Oliver H. Horton, Frank Adams, Samuel P. McConnell, Richard S. Tuthill, Richard W. Clifford, Arba N. Waterman, Thomas A. Moran, George Driggs.

The Democratic judicial nominees are, Henry McKey, W. G Ewing, Jesse Cox, Lawrence P. Boyle, Thomas G. Windes and John W Showalter.

NOTICE.

Mr. Matthew Griffin, our traveling agent, will visit Hancock and Houghton, Mich., during the coming week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

O'DONNELL, Hathaway and Ebersold, three of the best inspectors on the police force, are about to be retired.

THE gas furnished the people of Chicago is the worst in the world. Can nothing be done to make the companies furnish an article that will do more than make darkness visible?

IF Chicago taxation keeps getting higher year by year, it will soon be impossible for people of moderate means to live. Down with increased taxation! Prune down the salaries of public officials, if necessary.

THE *National Zeitung*, a handsome German American weekly, recently made its appearance, and has reached its fourth number. It is devoted to politics, news and literature, and, from a typographical standpoint, is a model of neatness. The *National Zeitung* is Republican in sentiment, and is edited by Mr. Joseph Brucker. Mr. Paul Hasdicke, formerly of the Milwaukee *Herold*, is associate editor. The offices of publication are at Nos. 89 and 91 Jefferson street, this city.

WHY should a good police officer be removed, or retired, when he finishes his half hundred years? The regular army considers a man fit for active service until he has attained the age of 64.

THE CITIZEN is opposed to high taxation under any pretext whatever.

MAYOR WASHBURNE has refused to preside at the city council meetings. He says he has no wish to supervise "a bear garden." The aldermen think the mayor's action unbearable.

THE Chicago Drainage Commission seems to exist chiefly for the purpose of draining the public treasury, without giving the public anything in return.

"TAXES, more taxes, still more taxes," appears to be the motto of the present State legislature. The taxes in Chicago are already outrageously high, and they threaten to be still higher next year. This is an oppressive policy and ought to be rebuked by the people. It seems to THE CITIZEN that most of the extra taxation is to be expended on fat salaries.

St. Charles Court, C. O. F.

A public installation of the officers of St. Charles Court No. 59, Catholic Order Foresters, was held on last Tuesday evening, at Apollo Hall, P. J. Cahill, H. C. R., officiating. After the installation an interesting programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental music and an address by the Hon. Judge Moran, was creditably carried out. During the evening the Rev. Father Cunningham, Spiritual Director of St. Charles Court, was presented with an elegant gold watch, chain and charm by the members, in appreciation for his good work for the court. Father Cunningham, who was somewhat taken by surprise, nevertheless returned his most sincere thanks in an able and eloquent manner. A social hop concluded the evening's entertainment to the satisfaction of the large number present.

OBITUARY.

MR CLEMENT CARTER.

The numerous friends of Mr. M. Carter, Ridgeland, Oak Park, Ill., will be pained to learn that his youngest son, Mr. Clement Carter, died recently in Denver, Col., of consumption. The youth was in his eighteenth year, and gave promise of a bright and vigorous manhood. He had been in the far west for the benefit of his health for many months before his lamented death. THE CITIZEN begs leave to extend to the family of the deceased its deepest sympathy.

MRS JULIA M'VOY.

Mrs. Julia McVoy, a highly respected lady, died at her residence in this city last Saturday of puerperal fever. She was the wife of Mr. John McVoy, a widely known and much esteemed citizen and business man; and was the second daughter of the late Mr. James Walsh, head of the great millinery firm of Walsh & Hutchinson. Her mother is the sister of Mr. P. M. Hennessy, of St. Paul, Minn.; of Mr. Richard and Col. P. J. Hennessy, of this city, and of Mr. John Hennessy, of Albany, N. Y. The funeral, which was private, occurred on Monday morning from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

Romantic Nuptials.

W. P. Lyndon, a prominent young Irish-American citizen and merchant of Spring Valley, Ill., was united in marriage Tuesday morning, May 26, at the Holy Name Cathedral, to Theresa G. Flynn, of Boston, Mass. The Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, chancellor, officiated. The young couple were school children together in the county Kerry, Ireland, and had not met for sixteen years previous to their wedding day.

McMullen Council, C.B.L.

One of the most enjoyable of their many pleasant informals was given by McMullen council, No. 79, C.B.L., at the North Side Turner Hall last Monday evening. It was "Ladies' Night" and a musical programme of excellence was rendered by Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. Wender, the Symphonius Quartette, and others. Mr. McGuire, the genial president of the council, presided, and short addresses were delivered by M. J. Keane and W. B. Ryan. After the musical and literary programme was exhausted dancing was indulged in and closed a very pleasant evening.

Sunday in the Country.

Commencing Sunday, May 24 and regularly each Sunday thereafter during the summer season, the Wisconsin Central will run a Sunday excursion train between Chicago and Waukesha, making stops at all intermediate stations, leaving Chicago at 8:30 a. m., and returning, arriving in Chicago at 8:20 p. m. Commencing Monday, the 25th, and regularly each Monday thereafter during the summer season, a train to be known as the "Business Man's Special" will be placed in service from Waukesha to Chicago, leaving Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., and arriving in Chicago at 9 a. m. These trains, with the regular service on Saturdays, leaving at 3 p. m., 4:25 p. m. and 5 p. m., make it possible to spend the day in the charming lake region in Northern Illinois, reached by the Wisconsin Central, and return in time for business Monday morning.

For detailed information as to intermediate time, excursion rates, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, city passenger and ticket agent, 203 Clark street, or F. J. Eddy, depot ticket agent, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

THE YELLOW "TARRIERS."

An Ulster Irishman Flays the Hides Off the Members of the Recent "Scotch-Irish" Convention.

A Very Interesting Letter Addressed to a Louisville, Ky., Editor.

[*Louisville Post, May 11.*]

To the Editor of the Post: I read the account of the Scotch Irish which appeared in your paper of the 24 inst. It asserts:

"The Scotch Irish are those who inhabit the northern part of Ireland, the province of Ulster. They are descendants of the Scotch who invaded Ireland under the leadership of William of Orange and made conquest of the most favored portion of the Emerald Isle. [An error. The L.S. are mostly descended from the planters of the time of James I.—ED.] They have since become a distinct race of people, blending the sturdy Scotch character with the more volatile traits of the Irish. This has not been the result of inter-marriage, for the two races of Ireland have been held apart by deterrent religious ideas, and whatever of the character of the Irish the people of Ulster have absorbed has been due to climatic influences. Belfast, the metropolis of Ulster, is one of the finest cities in the world, and it is a monument to the brain and brawn of the Scotch Irish."

I am an Ulster Irishman. I do not wish it appear without contradiction that my native province is altogether in the possession of the Scotch Irish and that its inhabitants are altogether of the Protestant faith. I honor the memory of the gallant band of Irish Presbyterians which wrought so much for this country. They would scorn the idea of their being Scotch-Irish; there was never such a race. The designation is of recent conception in the United States. I ask you to permit me to show that the best blood of Scotland is Irish, and that the Scotchman who came to Ireland, if he possessed ancestral pride, must gratify it in looking to his Irish origin.

Three centuries before Christ the northern Irish Celt colonized the greater portion of Scotland, then called Albanach. Later other Irish colonies followed the first. They conquered the land; they drove the Norsemen from the coasts and islands; they subjected the Northern English who had come into Southern Scotland. To trace the connection between the countries: An Irishman was King of Western Scotland and the Hebrides in 503, A. D.; he was succeeded by his brother in 513, A. D., and during their reigns their brother was monarch of all Ireland. To that monarch the Queen of England is proud to trace the source of her pedigree.

In the ninth century Kenneth, of the same Irish race, was the first King of all Scotland; his son in law was the King of all Ireland. The Gaelic tongue spoken in the two kingdoms was the same until the translations of the Bible varied it in Scotland; this is admitted by philologists. European writers from the third century called Ireland Scotia. From the ninth to the thirteenth centuries they termed Ireland Scotia major and Scotland Scotia minor. The monarchy in Ireland was purely Celtic until the close of the eleventh century, when it became Celtic Norman by intermarriage. The Irish language still lives in the names of the hills and valleys of Scotland. Later the Irish in the year 1263, A. D., went to Scotland to aid Alexander III. against the Danes; in 1317, A. D., Bruce went to Ireland to assist her against the English. It is true that many Saxons, Flemings and Normans settled in the southern portion of Scotland, but the race, the pure, the ruling race, was the Celtic, which had come from Ireland. The Irish founded the monastery of Iona, within which forty-eight Scottish and four Irish kings are buried.

Returning to the account in the *Post:* The Scotch-Irish did not invade Ireland with William of Orange. Instead of the Scotch invading Ireland for William III., they fought against him in Scotland, and the relics of the McDonalds, who were wholly Celtic Irish, had reason to remember his atrocities in 1692 at Glencoe; they did not conquer Ulster; they are not now "those who inhabit the northern part of Ireland." Ulster is not altogether inhabited by a Protestant population. The Northern Irish had often during the reign of Elizabeth trampled on the might of England. At the close of her life they were conquered and for the first time all Ireland was under British sway. In 1603 James I., "the wisest fool in Europe," became King on Elizabeth's death. In 1609 he confiscated six of the nine counties of Ulster, expelled the greater number of the inhabitants, parceled the land into lots of from 2,000 to 4,000 acres, granted them to English and Scotch adventurers and bound them to place Scotch and English laborers—Protestants—as tenants on their lots to aid them by their labors.

English tradesmen got Londonderry. I am willing to assume that the Scotch who were brought to Ulster could boast of the honorable Irish descent that belongs to true Scotchmen; that which causes the valor and enthusiasm shown by the Highlander in the wars of England. If there are some who will not accept that descent they will find the letter of a Presbyterian minister, son of one of the Scotch colonists, which says: "The scum of England and Scotland came to settle on these lands; some from debt; others flying from justice; full of crimes."

By degrees the Irish began to return to the lands but sparsely peopled by the new settlers. The revolution came in 1688. The settlers sympathized with William of Orange, but it was the soldiers of Schomberg that won the battle of the Boyne.

To reward the settlers William destroyed the woolen trade of all Ireland, and planted the flax industry and linen manufacture among them. In 1738 and later the "Test Oath," the "Tithes" and the poverty which prevailed caused many of the Presbyterian Irish to emigrate to America and the outflow continued until the close of the eighteenth century. Those emigrants who would scorn the designation of Scotch-Irish have carved their names on the fairest pages of American history.

Not alone the "Scotch Irish" are gobbling up men of fame who have Scotch names; they are capturing men into their ranks of pure Irish Celtic nomenclature. Gov. Buchanan, of Tennessee, claims numbers whose names are Irish or translations of Irish names, and everyone is aware that in the reigns of Edward IV. and Henry VIII., there were laws enacted to compel the Irish to translate their names and assume English ones, and throw aside the Irish appellations. As to whether the so-called Scotch Irish now possess Ulster and as to whether Protestants exclusively inhabit the province; there are thousands of Protetstants descended from English settlers and some of Irish origin in the province. These are not "Scotch Irish." The soldiers of William III., Dutch and English, who got land in Ulster, were not Scotch Irish.

The Scotch Irish claim is so elastic it seems to include every man, woman and child in Ulster who is a Protestant. One cannot then separate their numbers from the gross Protestant population. Let us take up census records. In the census taken some time since there were in Ulster 19,607 persons who spoke only Celtic; there were 65 856 who spoke English and Irish; it will be admitted that those were of Irish descent; I do not mean the "later" Irish who came from Scotland. In the census of 1881 there were 909 000 Protestants and 808 000 Catholics in Ulster, and it is proper to say that but for the Protestant strength in Belfast the Catholics of the province would have a considerable majority.

AN ULSTER IRISHMAN.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The principal attraction on the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, last Sunday, was a football game between the Grattan and O'Connell clubs. Owing to the heavy rains of Thursday and Friday the grounds were somewhat muddy, but a good game was played nevertheless. The game was called promptly at 3 p.m., and when the players marched to meet each other on the field a ringing cheer went up from the audience, drawn forth, undoubtedly, by the fine appearance of the men. Both clubs played well and very scientifically, but the Grattan "giants" proved too much for their opponents, and when time was called at the end of an hour the match was declared in favor of the Grattans by a score of 1 goal and 3 points to nil. Following are the names of the Grattan team: Thomas Fleming, goal; Thomas Garrity and William Balger, fullbacks; Jos. E. Ryan and Dominick Syron, halfbacks; John McCarroll and P.A Gannon, centrebacks; Peter Corcoran, Thomas O'Brien, Patrick Madden, Mike Garrity, T. Flynn, and Ed. O'Malley, rushers; M. Kilroy, M. Walsh, Peter Walsh, William Gannon and James Carney, forwards; P. P. Gannon, captain. Owing to a misunderstanding the names of the O'Connell team could not be secured. The next attraction was a tug of war between the Emmets and O'Briens; after five minutes of hard and steady pulling the Emmets were declared the victors.

Next Sunday the football game will be between the Davitts and Innisfails. Wm. E. Redmond, M.P., will deliver an address on the progress of the Gaelic Athletic Association in Ireland. Ed. Brady, of the Stock Yards, will throw the 16 lb hammer, and toss the cabre. John Ryan will give an exhibition with the 56 lb weight. There will also be an exhibition of hurling.

F.J.R.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending May 27:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	23	18	10	.643
Clevelands	21	17	14	.548
Pittsburgs	28	15	13	.536
Philadelphias	30	15	15	.500
Bostons	30	15	15	.500
New Yorks	28	14	14	.500
Cincinnatis	30	12	18	.400
Brooklyns	29	11	18	.379

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending May 27:

Thursday—Chicago 10, Philadelphia 7. Cincinnati 4 New York 6. Cleveland 2, Boston 6 Pittsburg 7, Brooklyn 4

Friday—Cincinnati 8, New York 3 Cleveland 5, Boston 3

Saturday—Chicago 0, Philadelphia 3. Cincinnati 2, New York 7. Cleveland 9, Boston 2.

Monday—Cincinnati 4, Philadelphia 2. Pittsburg 3, Boston 4 Cleveland 5, Brooklyn 12

Tuesday—Chicago 4, New York 5 Cincinnati 1, Philadelphia 5. Cleveland 11, Brooklyn 8 Pittsburg 10, Boston 1.

Wednesday—Chicago 1, New York 12 Cincinnati 16 Philadelphia 12 Cleveland 4, Brooklyn 2 Pittsburg 1, Boston 6

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	34	23	12	.664
Baltimores	36	24	12	.667
St. Louis	40	23	17	.575
Philadelphias	36	18	18	.500
Cincinnatis	43	20	22	.476
Louisvilles	42	18	24	.429
Columbus	40	16	24	.400
Washingtons	34	9	25	.265

Thursday—Baltimore 9, Columbus 6. Philadelphia 6, Cincinnati 3. Washington 7, Louisville 6 Boston 2, St. Louis 5.

Friday—Baltimore 15, Columbus 7. Philadelphia 8, Cincinnati 6. Washington 9, Louisville 6 Boston 9, St. Louis 7.

Saturday—Baltimore 4, Columbus, 7 Philadelphia 7, Cincinnati 3 Boston 7, St. Louis 1.

Sunday—Washington 0, Louisville 6. Baltimore 4, Columbus 3

Monday—Cincinnati 5 Philadelphia 4

Tuesday—Cincinnati 21, Boston 16 St. Louis 3, Washington 2. Columbus 4, Baltimore 0. Louisville 3, Philadelphia 10

Wednesday—Cincinnati 12, Boston 7 St. Louis 10, Washington 0. Columbus 3, Baltimore 7. Louisville 5, Philadelphia 8.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	2	2	0	1000
Garden Citys	3	2	1	.667
Brands	2	1	1	.500
West Ends	2	1	1	.500
Franklins	3	1	2	.333
Rivals	2	0	2	....

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 14, Franklins 4 West Ends 14, Brands 10. Garden Citys 4, Rivals 1.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

Longford—Football tournaments under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association, were held in Ballinamuck and Abbeylara. In the first mentioned Drumlish Emmets played the St. Columbkilles, the latter winning. In last meeting one of the most interesting matches was played between Granard Healys and Ballywilliam Faugh-a-Ballaghs. The Healys won.

Limerick—A football match in connection with the championship of the county, was played in Newcastle West between Abbeyfeale and Knockaderry clubs. The match was well contested and resulted in a victory for the Abbeyfeal men.

Cork—Hurling.—Inniscarra defeated Ballyhea by 3 goals and 3 points to 3 points. At Middleton—Blackrock defeated Dungourney by 1 goal 7 points to 1 goal 1 point.

Kerry—The Gaels of the Kingdom of Kerry are pushing forward their championship matches with commendable vigor Ballyduff defeated Kilmoiley at Tralee. The score, 1 goal for Ballyduff, 2 points for Kilmoiley. The Killorglin footballers defeated Milltown. Killarney (football) had a comparatively easy victory over Castlegregory.

Queens county—Football—At Rathaniska, Kellyville defeated Ballyroan by 1 goal and 5 points to 1 point. Wolfhill defeated Abbeylix by 1 goal and 6 points to nil.

Galway—Clonfad Junior Dillions defeated the Woodpark Volunteer.

Waterford—The county championship was continued at Dungarvan, when Ballinamecla met Kilrossenty in the second ties of the competition. After an exciting game the referee declared the match a draw.

The first meeting of the new Central Council was held in Foresters' hall, Dublin. The decision of the council in reference to the disputed final tie of the All-Ireland football championship was that the match be played in Dublin on a date arranged by the committee and suited to the two clubs concerned—the Midleton (Cork) and the Blue and White (Wexford).

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The new church erected at Killorglin, county Kerry, by Father Lawlor, was dedicated on the 31 inst. by the Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, bishop of the diocese. The church, which is in the early Gothic style, will accommodate about 1,600 people.

The Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, archbishop of Brisbane, has returned to Ireland.

The Cork United Trades Council have protested against the importation from Belgium of a timber side altar for Glanmire church, of which Canon Hegarty is P. P.

The following changes have been made in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin: Rev. John Robinson, C.C., has been transferred from Tinryland to Timahoe; Rev. John Dunne, C.C., from Timahoe to Tinryland; Rev. Wm. Maher, C.C., from Killeigh to Carbury; Rev. Peter Campion, C.C., from Baltinglass to Goresbridge; Rev. Henry Dunne, C.C., from Bagnalstown to Baltinglass; Rev. Michael Norris from Goresbridge to Bagnalstown; Rev. William Martyn from Bagnalstown to Graiguenamanagh, and Rev. Thos. Dowling from Graiguenamanagh to Bagnalstown.

Garret M. Byrne, M.P., has been dangerously ill, and quite unable to attend to his parliamentary duties.

Sister Mary Philomena Walshe was professed on the 23 ult., at the Presentation Convent, Fermoy, the Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, Adm., Fermoy, officiated.

The Rev. Hussey Burghe Macartney, Anglican Dean of Melbourne, who entered on his ninety-third year some three weeks ago, is the solitary living link with the last Irish parliament. His father, Sir John Macartney, Bart, was a member of the last Irish house of commons that assembled in Dublin. The dean was born the year before the Union was carried.

Walter G. Doolin, M.A., architect, has been engaged to supply plans and specifications for the new convent schools, Castlebar, to accommodate 400 children.

A branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee has been formed in Kilmacow. Jeremiah Cahill is chairman.

Thomas Turpin, solicitor, Maryborough, died recently.

At the Clonroche petty sessions Father John Cleary, P. P., Cloughbawn, was charged with assaulting the Rev. Dr. Macbeth, rector of Killegor, Clonroche. The plaintiff stated in his evidence that on passing Father Cleary on the 19th of March the latter discharged a gun, and he (the plaintiff) felt the grains falling upon his hat. A young man who happened to be with Father Cleary at the time gave contradictory evidence to that of the rector. The decision of the court was that the defendant enter into his own recognizance for twelve months in £50 or go to jail for a month. Father Cleary entered into recognizance for the amount.

The body of a man named Thomas Meehan was found in a small river which runs near Newry. Shortly afterwards the dead body of another man named Camley was found in the old basin at Canal quay.

Morley's Hotel, Ballyhaunis, was damaged by fire recently. Partially insured.

The county court judge at Sligo has estranged the recognizances of two surities of a letter carrier, charged with purloining a letter, and who has absconded. The amount estreated was 50s in each case.

A monument is to be erected over the grave of Rev. the late Rev. Canon Ulick Bourke, P.P., Claremorris.

Thomas Barrett one of the most respected inhabitants of Ballina died on the 23 ult.

In Tuam, on April 28, a runaway horse attached to a side car, was rushing down Dublin road, to the no small dismay of the inhabitants and pedestrians, when the Rev. M. O'Connell, president of St. Jarlath's College, succeeded at great risk to himself in stopping the animal.

It took the reorganized fire brigade of Carlow more than half an hour to "get together" at a recent fire alarm. The houses were consumed when the department arrived.

The following clerical changes have taken place in the Kerry diocese: Rev. James O'Callaghan from Donagh to Castletown-bere; Rev. John Dillon from Lixnaw to Millstreet; Rev. Denis O'Connor from Ferrier to Duagh, and Rev. J. O'Sullivan from Castletownbere to Lixnaw.

A man named Thomas Murphy was arrested in Ruane, Clare, on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of an old man named John McNamara, who was shot in the legs last June.

A largely attended meeting was held at No. 28 Market square, Enniscorthy, for the purpose of forming a Parnell Leadership Committee for the division of North Wexford. The chair was occupied by William McCutchen.

A coastguardman named Connell fell from the cliffs Bonmahon. He sustained a compound fracture of the left leg, which necessitated amputation. Drs. Walsh and Green, Kilmacthomas, performed the operation.

Contrary to expectation, John Sweeney and Maurice Healy, charged with the murder of the gamekeeper Denis Harrington, at Coulmaclarig, on Feb. 12 last, were again remanded at Bantry on May 1. It was believed that evidence would be given, but at the last moment the crown solicitor applied for a further remand, as he alleged that the disclosure of the evidence now would frustrate the ends of justice. The parishioners' solicitor strongly protested, but the application was, nevertheless, granted.

J. Gregory Webb, the district inspector of police, and well known to Athy people, was figuring recently in the London bankruptcy court. Mr. Webb, after retiring upon a pension of about £190 a year, joined with a number of others in "running" a private detective agency in Westminster.

Arrangements are being mad for a new line of steamers to trade between Cork, Liverpool, and Southampton.

John Finucane, M.P., for the East Division of Limerick, was married April 28 to Miss Frances Grace O'Carroll, daughter of the late Daniel O'Carroll, Gayfield House, Tullamore.

At Downpatrick, on April 14, Miss O'Neill, of Wexford, received the white veil, taking the name in religion of Sister Mary Patrick of the Blessed Trinity, at the Convent of Mercy. Miss McGilliard, of Glenarm—in religin Sister Mary Berchmans of the Sacred Heart—and Miss Nelson, of Downpatrick—in religion Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart—were solemnly professed. Bishop McAllister officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. P. O'Kane, P.P., V.G., the Revs. H. O'Boyle and R. Storey.

The funeral of Lawrence Kelly, of Derrygonnelly, took place on the 21st ult. from St. Patrick's church.

Some fishermen recently dredged up from the bottom of the lower Lough Erne an ancient shrine, which has been secured by Thomas Plunkett, M.R.I.A., who intends reading a paper deadriptive of it before the Royal Society of Antiquarians at their meeting next summer. From the style of art displayed in the ornamentation of this very interesting reliquary it cannot be older than the ninth century, and certainly not later than the eleventh century.

Donations towards the erection of looms for the making of cloths and linen in the Clort convent have been given by Dr. McCormack, lord bishop of Galway, £20; Lord Ashtown, £20; Mrs. Browne, Merrion Square, Dublin, £7.

Mr. Cannon, whose stables and stock near Arcrahan were burned recently, has served notice of his intention to apply to the grand jury for £150 as compensation for malicious injury.

John T. Ambrose, of Inchigaggin, Cork, who owns land about two miles from Newcastlewest, was arrested there on April 28, for having arms without a license. He was carried before Mr. Curling, J.P., and remanded to the petty sessions.

Consequent on the death of the Rev. Father Savage, late C.C. of Conna, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, has made the following changes in his diocese: The Rev. Father Lenahan, C.C., Castlemagner, to be C.C., Conna; and the Rev. Father Norris from the Eighth Mission to be C.C. in Castlemagner.

An influential and enthusiastic meeting was held on May 3 in Borris-in-Ossory to establish a branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee.

W. H. Kisbey, Q.C., county court judge, was presented with the white gloves at the Drogheda quarter sessions.

The Aree races were held on the 6th inst. The sport was good, but the day was rainy.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of the Rev. John Walsh, P.P., which took place at his parochial residence, Killimore, Galway, May 5.

A policeman of the Barnen street station, near Creslough, county Donegal, was brought before two magistrates, charged with striving to administer poison in milk to his sergeant. The accused was remanded pending an analysis of the milk.

At the Spanahill, Ennis, presentment sessions Francis J. Kelly applied for £50 compensation for eighteen sheep which had, as alleged, been maliciously stabbed, eleven of them having died from the wounds. The full amount claimed was granted.

The sub-land commissioners, Messrs. G. Greer, T. Smith, and J. H. McConnell, with William McMeagh, deputy registrar, sat in the Newtownards courthouse for the purpose of hearing applications from persons desirous of having a fair rent fixed. One hundred and seventy-three applications were listed, and of these seventy-three were from tenants on the estate of Lord Londonderry.

At the Lurgan petty sessions Malcolm Turkington was charged by Felix O'Neill with presenting a revolver at him on the 20th ult. The case was dismissed.

Mgr. William Sheehan, V.G., and Canon of the Cathedral of Salford, England, died on 22d ult. He was a native of the diocese of Waterford.

An influential and enthusiastic meeting was held on Sunday in Borris-in-Ossory to establish a branch of the Parnell Leadership Committee. Somewhat close on £10 was handed in as a practical protest against the Irish leader's traducers.

H.R.EAGLE

Cigar and Tobacco Dept.

CIGARS.

The Cadet, each	1 cent
Henry Clay, each	1 cent
Santa Rita, each	2 cents
Jolly Tar, 2 for	3 cents
Rose Bude, each	3 cents
W. H. Heegard & Co.'s La Manilla, each	3 cents
Simmons, Newman & Co.'s The Bat, each	3 cents
The Spider Web, each	3 cents
Wilkie Collins, a regular 15 cent cigar, each	5 cents
Botanica, a fine Key West, each	5 cents
And the following brands, which are among the best imported cigars:	
Suburban Excelente, each	10 cents
Leda, each	10 cents
El Porvenir, each	10 cents

FINE CUT TOBACCOS.

Extra XX, per lb	25 cents
Daniel Scotten & Co.'s Hiawatha, per lb	59 cents

SMOKING.

A Job Lot Smoking, per lb	9 cents
Star of Perfection, per lb	14 cents
Catlin's Meerschaum, per lb	24 cents
Cut and Slash Durham, is worth 40 cents per lb, our price, pr lb	24 cents
Honey Dew	24 cents
Tip Top 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, lb.	25 cents
Sweet Tip Top, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs. per lb	29 cents
Yum Yum, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs per lb	29 cents
Plow Boy, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, per lb	28 cents
T. & B. Cut Plug, 4 ounce tin boxes each	15 cents
Golden Rain, 4 ounce tin boxes	17 cents
Picadilla, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents
Oxford Hash, 4 ounce tin boxes	27 cents
Marburg Pickings, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	27 cents
Mellow Mixture, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Perique, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Monte Cristo, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Perique, 2 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents

Granulated Sugar, per lb.....4 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb.....25 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb.....15 cents
Mason Fruit Jars, All Sizes; Jelly Glasses, Best Quality—Lowest Price.

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A $1.00 Bottle Hood's Sarsaparilla for.....59 cents
A $1.00 Bottle Burk's Sarsaparilla for.....59 cents
A $1.00 Bottle Dr. Bowen's Sarsaparilla for.....59 cents
A $1.00 Bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla for.....59 cents
25 Lbs Granulated Sugar for.....$1.00
A $1.00 Box Wells & Richarason's Lactated Food for.....49 cents
A 50 cent Bottle Primley's Cure for Coughs and Colds for.....23 cents
A 50 cent Bottle Mellins' Infant Food for.....29 cents
A $1.00 Bottle Horlick's Malted Milk Food for.....49 cents
A $1.00 Bottle Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Extract of Malt.85 cents
50 Bars Good Laundry Soap for.....$1.00
A 35 cent Package Wagner's Infant Food for.....15 cents
Pyle's Pearline, per package.....2½ cents
A large can Mustard Sardines for.....6 cents
A package Laundry Starch for.....1 cent

Shaving Soap, per cake.....2 cts
A box containing 3 cakes Columbia Toilet Soap for.....19 cts
Fard Dates, per lb.....5 cts
A Quart Bottle Tomato Catsup for..9 cts
A 5 lb Jar Home-Made Mince Meat for.....39 cts
A 5 lb pail Pure Fruit Preserves for.59 cts
Liquid Shoe Dressing for Ladies' shoes, per bottle.....5 cts
A 3 Tie Well Made Carpet Broom..10 cts
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb....9 cts
1 lb package best Corn Starch for..5 cts

50 Clothes Pins for.....3 cts
A Good Clothes Line for.....9 cts
A Patent Clothes Line Prop for....17 cts
Condensed Milk, per can.....9 cts
A 1 lb can Salmon for.....9 cts
Tetlow's Swan Down Face Powder, retails 25c per package, our price.19 cts
Spalding's Boys' Hardwood Professional Base Ball Bat for.....5 cts
100 Large Sized Falcie Marbles for.19 cts
12 Glass Agate Marbles for.....3 cts
Package containing 25 American Ball Blue for.....1 ct

We Even Save You Money on Your Street Car Tickets And sell you 25 West Division street car tickets for $1.00, cut4 for 50 cents.

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Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....$5.25

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Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

GRANDMOTHERS' DAYS.

In our grandmothers' days, when a cabin rude,
Unfinished and bare, held the little all
Of the pair who were building the household fire,
The light of it falling on window and wall,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the kettle swung
On the sooty crane in the chimney wide,
And the spitted fowl, that sputtered and sung,
Swung gently from side to side,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the broad stone hearth
Was the trysting place of the lovers dear,
And the high backed settle reflected the glow
Of the firelight on faces suggestively near,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the children came,
And the humble home was filled with glee,
As, clothed in their garb of homespun, they roamed
And frolicked like birds and butterflies free,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when the cradle stood
In sound of the burring, whirring wheel,
And the baby crooned and clapped his hands
At each click of the swiftly revolving reel,
Was there less of happiness then than now?

In our grandmothers' days, when trouble came,
And sometimes even the wolf, to the door,
The home was their castle and love lent it grace,
And if oft times the battle of life was full sore,
Was there less of happiness then than now?
—Mrs. M. W. Blacker in Good Housekeeping.

WHO DID THE WOOING?

It somehow leaked out in the Big Creek section that Martha Ann Todd proposed to Jim Simpkins.

How the story got afloat no one exactly knew, for Martha certainly never told it herself, and as for James, he was never known in the whole course of his existence to have told anything. Anyhow, the report got afloat, and soon every one far and near was talking about it, and at every candy pull and "sugarin' off" some one was bound to bring up the subject, and then the question was asked, "Did Martha Ann really propose?"

The facts in the case were that Martha Ann and James were engaged. Both Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Simpkins had given this news to the world at Aunt Jane Wormley's meeting of the Big Creek Ladies' aid. It was further generally agreed that James never had spunk enough to speak for himself, so it really became an oppressive mystery to the good people of the section.

But all these wonderings and suppositions would have been cleared up had they been able to look into the generous heart of Martha Ann as she sat by the western window of the kitchen doing crochet work, and looking ever and anon over across the snow fields to the Simpkins farmhouse, behind which a sturdy figure could be seen lustily swinging an ax.

And this was James.

Martha Ann was as comely a girl as any in the district, and as Uncle Billy Nason, the master of the postoffice and village emporium, averred, "by far the likeliest."

Martha Ann was good to look at. She was not handsome. She was not pretty. Her eyes were neither bright black nor soft blue. Her hair had no poetic tendencies. Her figure was neither statuesque nor petite; nevertheless, Martha Ann was a mighty pleasant girl to see. She seemed to have a way of growing on one, for her voice was always musical, and her smile ever cheerful and encouraging.

She was now probably twenty-seven years of age—perhaps younger—it doesn't matter. She was a woman, healthy, energetic, a farmer's daughter who had worked all her life and was proud of it, who had twice taken first prize at the county fair for bread, and had won a medal at the same institution for a patchwork quilt. She had made all her own clothes since the day she was sixteen, and besides that she could play an organ all round the other girls.

That was a big day in the life of Martha Ann when her father came home with a six stop organ on the wood sleigh. Such a beauty as it was, too, with elegant bracket trimmings and a cute little rack on top for books and music. It wasn't five minutes after that organ struck the parlor before "Coronation" and "The Battle of Waterloo" were rolling through the house with so sublime and altogether magnificent a tone that Mother Todd dropped right down on the haircloth sofa, all in her old clothes, too, and cried, refusing to be comforted until Martha Ann played a few bars of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

But self confident as Martha Ann was, she had for five years now been floating on a sea of conjecture as to what Jim Simpkins really meant by coming over to the house and talking politics with her father, and "seeing" her home from church every Sunday night. She somehow could not locate James in her list of certainties.

For a long time Martha Ann seriously doubted whether he loved her or not, and it was not till she felt in her heart that she was all in all to him that she began to scheme how to make it easy for James to propose.

For months she labored over this problem. Every once and awhile of a Sunday evening, as they strolled home together by the creek, she would throw out a "feeler," but he never understood. During all this time she made herself as attractive as she knew how, and played her sweetest pieces on the organ, with no further result than getting him used to sitting on a haircloth chair without desiring to tip it back against the wall, as was his custom with the kitchen furniture.

Although all her schemes came to naught Martha Ann never lost heart. She was sure of one thing, and that was that James was dying to ask her, but couldn't. So she looked at it as perfectly proper that she should help him out.

The nearest he had ever come to saying something vital was on a day in the preceding fall when he had come over to help her pick some grafted apples. These apples were so large and precious that the greatest care had to be taken in gathering them. On this occasion James was up amid the branches of the tree on a stepladder, and Martha Ann stood on the ground, catching each apple, one by one, in her apron.

Whether looking up so continuously heightened her coloring or not, James thought she had never looked so beautiful and altogether womanly before, and he registered an oath in his heart, for he never swore, that, "So help him Uncle John Rogers, he would ask her the minute he got down." He even got quite brilliant up there on the ladder, and actually joked, while Martha Ann beamed one continuous smile.

Finally he gathered all the apples in his reach, and so had to come down to get a new position. But with each downward step, down went his courage, and it was only by a superhuman effort that he managed to say:

"You're lookin' purtier'n all git out, Martha Ann."

Martha Ann blushed crimson at so direct a compliment, for she felt that the hour had come.

"You're always a-flatterin' me, James," she said.

"Couldn't say too much for—you—know—you—know— Guess I'd better move the ladder ter the south side the tree, wouldn't you?"

Martha Ann could have cried then and there. James said no more, and the apple gathering went on in silence.

But now, at the time I am writing about, they were actually engaged, and the reader will probably come to the conclusion that Martha Ann must have proposed, just as the worthy gossips of the Big Creek section figured. The facts are as follows:

Martha Ann decided firmly on a climax. Either James or she must speak. If she could induce him to declare his love, all well and good; if not, she must draw him out. If he would not draw, she must tell him the old story herself. No strategist could have planned a finer campaign.

It was the evening of Easter Sunday. The day had been bright and sunny. The services at the church had been inspiring, and James had come home with her for supper.

After a meal which would have warmed the heart of a cynic, let alone a healthy farmer like our hero, all the folks retired to the parlor, where a rosy fire was glowing in the grate, the dry maple logs burning slowly but determinedly, and every coal which dropped holding its color for an hour.

The organ was opened, and first the pieces sung by the choir that day were played over, as Martha Ann said, "just ter hear how they sounded at home."

Father Todd sat near the hearth, one knee overlapping the other, his eyes looking clean up through the ceiling, past the bedroom on the second floor, past the stars in the keen spring sky, past the boundaries of space into that "beautiful land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign," which Martha Ann was singing about.

Mother Todd sat in her rocker near him, her arms folded on her motherly bosom, her round, fair, good old face beaming with perfect rest and peace.

James stood by the side of the singer and joined in the chorus now and then, for he had a robust bass voice, which "might'd amounted ter something," Martha Ann said, "had he only had the high trainin' of the choir."

And so the early evening passed, and pretty soon the old people went to sleep in a fitful way until the worthy sire "allowed it might do fer young folks to set up, but fer as he was concerned, guess he'd crawl off ter bed." He was soon followed by his faithful partner, and the field was ready for the action to begin.

Martha Ann concluded she would not sing any more, for her throat was getting choked up, and with the greatest sang froid drew the sofa up before the fire and sat down, leaving James to look out for himself.

This move put him in a bad fix. If he sat down anywhere in the room but in one place her back would be toward him. He hemmed a little and wandered aimlessly about, tried to get interested in a picture of Mrs. Todd's grandmother, and finally sat down on the organ stool.

Martha Ann paid no attention. She sat with her face in her hands looking in the fire, as if oblivious of his presence.

There was a silence of intense and painful presence in the room. Now and then a spark shot upward from the burning logs or a stick fell from the dogs into a heap of crimson coals.

James actually suffered. He had no more idea what to do under the circumstances than the traditional child unborn. But when the stillness began to actually ache, Martha Ann roused up, and turning to him said: "Why, James, don't set over there alone. Come and sit on the sofa here by me and watch the flickerin'. I jes' see the prettiest little home you ever heard tell of. Come and I'll tell you."

He blushed crimson at this. Was it possible? Was this really Martha Ann? Was he Jim Simpkins? "Come and set down right aside o' her and watch the flickerin'—well, I'll be eternally!" was what instantly passed through his brain. And she had turned again to the fire.

He coughed a little, made as if to get up, but subsided. He turned all colors. And there sat Martha Ann looking so cozy.

A look of heroism came into his eyes. He arose, pulled down his trousers, and sat down again, got up once more, and the first thing he knew he was actually sitting on the same sofa with her, and she, never moving from her place near the middle, continued her weird stare into the fire.

"James," she said, "I never see such a buildin' of palaces and a makin' of stories as there is in the fire there tonight."

"Can't say as I see much, Martha Ann."

"Look there, right side the dog. Can't you see the little house there and the vines a-trailing up over the roof and the door wide open and the children a-playin' about, and the old well there—see it, James, bucket, beam, everything jes' as natural as life; and what's them bendin' over the well? They may be lovers, James, a-bendin' over the water jes' as we are over the fire."

"You got tarnal good eyes, Martha Ann, ter see all them things. P'raps I ain't no imagination, but I can't see nothing but some coals a-breathing sorter like as if they hated ter give in."

Martha Ann continued her rapt attention of the drama in the fire, and James began to get to home on the sofa.

By and by she lifted her hand and brushed back her hair, and then let it descend in a careless way till it fell on that of her companion.

"What a great, strong hand you have," she said slowly. "Do you know the marks in the hand? Let me show you. See this longest one curving around the thumb. That's for long life. You will live to be very old. And see this little one here, next it. That's for riches, and this one here—wonder what it's for? See mine, jes' the same mark. Oh! I know now; I remember."

"What is it fer?"

"It's fer love."

The Websterian catalogue was too limited for the bashful young farmer to find anything to say to this, and so they sat in silence, her hand still resting almost caressingly on his. Out in the sitting room could be heard the measured, solemn tick-tock of the great oaken clock, and outside the wind breathing through the trees added a certain weirdness to the Sabbath repose. Every now and then the sound of the old dog in the woodshed turning over restlessly could be heard, and all the while the man's heart was demanding that he should express himself, a commission the tongue refused to obey.

Finally Martha Ann, without raising her head, said, dreamily:

"Do you know, James, I've often wondered why you didn't ever git married. You see, I have always looked upon myself as a sister to you, wishin' always fer your welfare and happiness, and I have asked myself agin and agin, 'Now why don't he find some good, true girl and marry her?' You'd make some woman a good husband, James; I know you would, you're so good and stidy and home lovin', and sech men ain't plentiful. It ain't fer you to be spending your Sunday evenings with me, who is only your true friend, fer you'd ought to be findin' a sweetheart an' gettin' married and settled in life."

"Oh, Martha Ann!" he found courage to say.

She continued as if not noticing the interruption.

"A man as has reached your age ought ter be lookin' round him, and there's a-plenty of girls would have you, too, a-plenty of them. Now, there's Mary Gibson—she's a good girl as ever lived, a splendid housekeeper, and religious. Or Sally Stevens, or Esther Lapum, any of them would jump at the chance to become Mrs. Simpkins."

James groaned in spirit. The perspiration trickled down his forehead and settled in a drop on the tip of his nose, as if undecided whether or not it were best to fall.

"Oh, Martha Ann!" he said again plaintively, "how could yer think of sech a thing?"

She removed her hand from his and turned her face, now flushed warm by the fire, until her eyes met his and asked, as if with the greatest wonder:

"Why not?"

"It's you I want, Martha Ann"—his tongue was getting into line—"it's you as I have been a-planning this year or more to ask, but somehow you was allers so sweet lookin' and so quiet that I somehow couldn't do it." Surely the unruly vocal powers were getting very obedient. "I've loved yer from a little girl—I've—I've"——

The machinery stopped suddenly here, and it was as much as half a minute before he continued.

"You see, I don't know how to tell it, but I love you. I love you with all my heart, and allers have, and I've wished and wished I could tell you, but I couldn't, bein' so stupid; but I've told you now, and I'm glad, fer I ain't no room in my heart for no one else."

He was quite choked up with emotion now, yet in his eyes were a new boldness, a new inspiration, and he leaned eagerly forward for her answer.

It was now her turn to be confused. The wily Martha Ann forgot her cunning of speech, forgot her well laid plan, and the first she knew the tears were rolling down her cheeks. She had no words to say.

She allowed her head to sink slowly toward his breast, and hiding her face there with his strong arms about her, she gave herself up to the soft passion of tears.

And then he raised her tenderly and kissed her over and over again—how he never knew and will never be able to explain to himself, for he had no need to be told she loved him and was his for all time.

And so they sat silently, while the fire flickered and grew passionate in turn, and the old clock ticked with a gladder tone, and even the breathing of the god of night in the lilacs became subdued. And so, heart beating against heart, and hand clasping hand, they sat, too full of the spirit of love to say aught.

And this is how they became engaged.

Yet still the people of the Big Creek section are wondering, "Did Martha Ann really propose?"—Fred Warner Shibley in Boston Globe.

Numbering Houses.

When our forefathers began to number the houses in their cities they went to work in a very simple fashion. They put 1 on the first house, 2 on the next, 3 on the third, and so on until they came to the end of a street. Then they crossed over, and if the last house they had numbered was 80, the first on the opposite side was 81, the next 82, and so on until they came back to their starting point, when perhaps number 160 faced number 1. As straight and regular streets took the place of crooked and winding ones a new plan of numbering came into vogue. The odd numbers were given to the houses on one side of the street, and even numbers to those on the other side. When a street's direction was known a number at once told whether a house faced north or south, or east or west.—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO REACH OLD AGE.

DR. MILBURN TELLS HOW A PUNY BOY BECAME A STRONG MAN.

How to Breathe—How a Blind Man Exercises—Sun Cure for Baldness—Wonderful Vaseline Baths—Story of a Man Who Was an Unpromising Child.

Born apparently into the lap of consumption! Blind and sickly at twenty-one! Weak and feeble at thirty-five! The picture of health at threescore and ten!

It reads like a patent medicine advertisement, but it is the story of the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the noted blind chaplain of the house of representatives. The blind parson told it in a voice as strong as that of a boy. Said he:

"For fifteen years I was one of the most fragile of men you can imagine. I had to hold a book at the end of my nose with my hand above to shade the page, and by moving the book continuously along I managed, by seeing one letter at a time, to read and to spell my way through school and college. The result was that when a very young man I found myself afflicted with curvature of the spine, a curvature of the breast bone and a disease of the heart, and there seemed absolutely no prospect of my ever becoming a healthy man.

"I was also extremely delicate, and when between nineteen and thirty-five years old my weight ranged from 107 to 115 pounds. I was working hard, however, all this time, and paying attention to all sorts of things except the laws of health and life. I went to England when thirty-four, and got some hints from there. In those days very little attention was paid to hygiene, and after returning I began to put into practice what I had learned, and ever since that time I have increased in weight and size.

I increased my chest measure twelve inches, and my weight from fifty to sixty pounds. My weight increased steadily from the time I was thirty-five, and you will be surprised to know that this was done without my ever going into a gymnasium or adopting any of the practices which are prescribed for such purpose.

HOW TO BREATHE.

"I could only use the means within the reach of a blind man, and one of the principal means of increasing my size and weight which I adopted was air, taking a larger and larger quantity into the lungs. I have cultivated breathing as the basis of life, so that now I suppose I can inhale and exhale as large a quantity of atmosphere as any living man. That is the secret of the development of physique—to take into your lungs the whole amount of air which your lungs are intended to receive, and that is, in the case of a man of fair chest proportions, 330 cubic inches. The well built men in this country do not take in 200 inches.

"The first thing you do when you awake in the morning be sure you have a current of fresh air passing through your room. Remove the heavy bedclothes from your person, leaving only a sheet over you; lie as nearly flat as you can, draw up the knees and relax the muscles of the abdomen. Then, with your mouth closed and your chin raised, in order to relieve all constraint about your breast, draw in all the air you can without violence, doing it gradually and without painful effort.

"Hold the air as long as you can, and breathe it out through the mouth or nose, in the former case with effort. Close your lips as soon as all is out, and practise doing all your inhalations through your nostrils, never, under any circumstances, inhaling through the mouth.

"I would rather drink the water left in a finger bowl at the close of a White House dinner than to take in one spoonful of Washington air through my mouth. Do this breathing while in bed in the morning for five or ten minutes. This has been my constant habit for a number of years.

AIR, SUN AND EXERCISE

"Air is my first prescription," continued Dr. Milburn. "The sun is my next. I often walk about with my hat off in the sun, and it was a practice of Goethe to do this for an hour at noon. He said it stimulated his intellect, and that there was a vital and quickening power in the sun's rays. Thirty years ago I began to be bald. My father and younger brother were as bald as the palm of your hand when they were forty; but I told them when they informed me that I was getting bald that I would never be so. I had resolved to prevent it, and I did. I never wear a hat when I can help it, and I am not as barefooted today on the top of my head as I was in 1860. I wash my hair whenever I wash my face and hands.

"I have a muscular exercise—a light dumbbell exercise," Dr. Milburn went on, "and have often used Indian clubs, and in addition have some gymnastic movements for the arms, chest, legs, etc. As to the massage treatment, I suppose I am the most expert massage operator in this country, and I am also the best groomed animal in this respect. Immediately after getting out of bed I take a cold, tepid or warm bath and rub down vigorously, and I spend from one to two hours every day in grooming my venerable carcass.

"I used to be brought constantly in contact with Henry Ward Beecher and other prominent characters of large physique thirty years or so ago, and they were always bantering me about my small vitality. 'Why don't you laugh and grow fat?' they would say. 'Well,' I would reply, 'I laugh enough, but don't know how to grow fat.' Since I have changed my plan of life I have buried them all.

"I use horsehair mats in rubbing down," he continued, "and then put on vaseline or oil and rub into all parts of my body. The oil taken up by the skin in this way is as good as food, and it keeps the cuticle in excellent condition. This use of oil was common among the Greeks and Romans, and you will find it among many savage tribes."—Washington Cor. New York World.

"Wait in the Hall."

The author of "England, Without and Within," gives an anecdote of an easy going English gentleman who was not bound by the absurd law against parcel carrying.

A shoemaker had missent to him a pair of shoes intended for a neighbor, and had probably sent to the neighbor the shoes that should have been sent to him. As he had no prejudice against carrying bundles he went with the shoes to his friend's house.

On arriving at his friend's door he asked to see Mr. Dash, but was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. Dash, and was ushered into her presence. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up and curtly asked:

"What have you there?"

"Mr. Dash's shoes," replied the gentleman.

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Mr. Dash is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall and wait till he comes."

"But, madam"—began the gentleman, who was a baronet's son.

"Never mind, never mind; it's all right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. Dash."

The gentleman, of course, appreciated the situation at once. But he was too well bred and had too keen a sense of humor to explain, which would have both mortified the lady and prevented him from enjoying her mistake. He stepped into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant and leave the house.

But meeting his friend coming in, he gave him the shoes and, after a few words, bade him good morning. Though pressed to remain, he refused, knowing that his return to the wife's presence would cause her embarrassment.

His consideration for the feelings of another person would have made him a gentleman if he had been a hodcarrier.

Formality in the Corean Army.

In battle Corean generals are always accompanied by their servants. When he rides on horseback, a general has a servant on each side of his war horse to hold him in position, and a third stands at the horse's head to hold the animal during the fight, or to lead it to the advance or retreat.

These servants accompanied General Han to the gate of the king's audience hall. They left him there, and he walked alone across the yard, with his head bent and his sword hilt toward the ground. He walked softly up the steps at the left leading into the room in which his majesty the king of Corea stood, bent down on all fours and bumped his head before him as a sign of the reverence he felt for his king.

Then, rising, he stood, with his sword uplifted, at the right of the king, while my audience took place. At the close of it he backed out from the king's presence with bended head, and so continued till outside the gate, where he again sprang into greatness, and had a whole host of servants to do him homage.

This oriental formality runs through all ranks of the Corean army. It is the ruin of the service. Corea will never have good soldiers until the officers learn military tactics by the same hard knocks that our officers do, and until they put themselves more on a level with their troops, and work with them.—Frank G. Carpenter in Youth's Companion.

Animals and Earthquakes.

The effect of volcanic phenomena on the lower animals has often been the subject of discussion. The records of most great eathquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Fish and other aquatic creatures are also much disturbed at such times. In the London earthquake of 1749 thousands of fish in the canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880 cats inside of houses ran about trying to escape; foxes barked and horses tried to tear down the stable which confined them. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know that something unusual and terrifying is taking place.

More interesting than these are the observations showing that nearly all classes of animals are agitated just before an earthquake takes place. Horses and ponies have been known to prance around in their stalls in an uneasy manner, pheasants to scream and frogs to cease croaking suddenly just before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their fear at such times by leaving their burrows before the shock takes place, the presence of four or five of the little creatures on the surface in a garden being sufficient to cause a panic.—St. Louis Republic.

Universal Brick Press.

A machine has been designed for making bricks and tiles on the semi-dry process. The clay or material to be formed into bricks is fed into a hopper in a loose and granulated state. The finish is delivered as the charger returns to refill the empty mold. Each brick receives four distinct presses, whereby the air is thoroughly expressed. All the labor required is one man to tip the clay into the grinding pan, and one boy to take off the bricks as the machine delivers them.

Among the various purposes for which this machine is employed, besides brick and tile making, are the forming of purple ore, or "blue billy," into briquettes for the smelting furnace, the forming of nickel oxide into cakes for the assaying furnace, the forming of dry cement compound into blocks ready for clinkering and the pressing of coal and coke briquettes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Forgot to Carry.

A township treasurer in Ohio forgot to carry "9" in adding up his accounts, and the committee to look over his books found him $750 short, and nearly broke up his family before it was discovered where the error lay. The surprising thing about it is that he didn't "carry" the whole boodle to Mexico or somewhere else.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR ILL CHINAMEN.

A Chinese Hospital in Brooklyn in Charge of a Chinese Doctor.

The interest of the Chinese embassy in this country a few years ago was aroused by the condition of their sick and destitute countrymen in New York. The embassy made some efforts to establish a hospital here, but failed because there was no properly authorized physician who understood the Chinese language. That difficulty was not solved until when there was graduated from the Long Island college Joseph C. Thoms, the first Chinaman graduated from an American medical school.

In November a number of people interested in the Chinese mission work took hold of the project. A meeting was held at which there were present representatives of sixteen churches of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. It was determined to provide a place where ill Chinamen could obtain proper treatment and care. There are about 8,000 Chinese in New York and the immediate vicinity, and not more than fifty of them are so situated as to possess comfortable beds in case of sickness. They live in small, poorly ventilated basements and cellars, and can with the greatest difficulty be persuaded to enter the general hospitals.

Chinese are particularly liable to pulmonary diseases. Their habits of life and the change from their native climate render consumption and phthisis the most prevalent disease among them. Fifteen or twenty Chinese doctors practice in Mott street. Their methods are as crude as their ways of life. Their decoctions are things to be wondered at and avoided. Lizards and beetles are their favorite remedies. Fluid extracts of dogs' tails and snakes are also used by them.

The Chinese Hospital association was organized to fill the want, which was an opportunity for these abuses. The building at 45 Hicks street, Brooklyn, was hired, and Dr. Thoms was placed in charge. He is assisted by a Chinese nurse, who studies with him, and by three Chinese missionaries. Dr. C. E. Bruce, of New York; Dr. S. R. Forman, of Jersey City, and Drs. N. B. Sizer and W. A. Little, of Brooklyn, are the attending staff. The association is made up of delegates from various churches in this and neighboring cities, and elects a board of managers, which have charge of the affairs of the hospital.

The hospital is a three story brick building. There are three wards, one for one bed, one for three and one for four. The King's Daughters furnished the largest one. Everything about the hospital is neat and well cared for. Dr. Thoms makes a special effort to impress his patients with the value of light and air. Poor ventilation, he says, is the cause of half their sickness. Since the opening the hospital has received thirty-three patients. No contagious diseases are treated. Most of the patients suffered from consumption, of which eight of them died.

Those who are in the first stages of the disease are always advised to go home to China, and in several cases this advice has been followed. Those who have the disease in its advanced stages are cared for and rendered as comfortable as possible. The hospital has been full from its beginning, and has been fairly successful in the treatment of its patients.

The hospital has had unexpected support from Mott street. Over $1,300 has been given by the Chinese merchants. The association hopes to obtain a larger building, and endeavors to obtain subscriptions for that purpose. A contribution of twenty-five dollars entitles a person to membership in the association for one year. A contribution of $250 names and one of $5,000 endows a bed. Dr. C. E. Bruce, 456 Lexington avenue, is the treasurer of the association.—New York Sun.

Ten Days for Wearing "Speelers."

Talking about police justices, an old time observer said: "We have had some pretty good specimens of police justices in Brooklyn long before today, but one of the most modest, unique characters I ever came across was the late Tom Riley. When Riley ascended the bench he did not know much about law, but could beat the decks in the quickness with which he would judge a prisoner by his appearance. In those days what were known as "speeler" trousers were in vogue with certain young men, and Riley was very much down on them. Indeed, it was said that the mere fact that an accused person had his nether limbs covered by the objectionable garment was regarded by Riley as prima facie evidence of guilt.

"One morning a young fellow was arraigned before him. The judge listened to the evidence, but that did not seem to move him. Finally he arose from his seat, looked over the desk at the young man's trousers, the ends of which protruded far over the shoes, and calmly remarked: 'Speelers. Ten days.' It is needless to add that after that the new kind of trousers soon went out of fashion."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Catholic Bibles.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic church brought out in 1582, at Rheims, an English translation of the New Testament, and in 1610, at Douai, an English version of the Old Testament, now known as "the Douai Bible." Like Wyclif's, these were translations of a translation, taken from the Latin Vulgate. The Douai Bible abounds in curious hybrid words which one never meets with anywhere else, but quite a large number of the readings and renderings of the Douai Bible were adopted by the revisers in 1881. They did not, however, adopt the variation of the "treacle" rendering which the Douai revisers took, "Is there no rosen in Galaad?"

The Catholic version of the Bible now most commonly used in this country is one made by Dr. Challoner, in 1749 and 1750, of the Rheims New Testament and the Douai Old Testament. A revision of both was also made in 1783 by the Rev. Bernard MacMahon, with the approbation of Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, and is known as "Troy's Bible."—Chambers' Journal.

General Vilas' Rabbit's Foot.

A resident of Bay St. Louis, Miss., tells a pretty story about ex-Postmaster General Vilas, a rabbit's foot and the little mistress of the postoffice at the lake shore resort. It will be remembered that when Mr. Vilas took charge of the postoffice system of the United States the heads of offensive partisans dropped very rapidly, but in south Mississippi along the lake shore there were no voters in office, for the postmasters were all women. Nevertheless the decree went forth that they must give way to adherents of the party.

Among the office holders was a little woman who did not believe in being in a hurry. So she asked the postmaster general for an extension of time, which was gallantly granted. In looking around among her few treasures her eyes fell upon one she considered above price. It was a small and delicate left hand foot of a rabbit mounted in silver, with a name and date engraved upon it. This she concluded to send to the postmaster general as a token of gratitude. In her letter of presentation she said, among other good wishes, that she trusted the rabbit's foot might some day be the means of landing him in the United States senate.

Her wish, aided by the efficacious properties of the rabbit's foot, has been successful, and Mr. Vilas has been elevated to the senate. He himself acknowledges the means by which that good fortune was achieved, and in a letter to the little postmistress he said:

"I still possess the good luck charm, and you are at liberty to claim any advantages that might be due to it, and I shall take it as a compliment."—Cor. New York Times.

Catarrh.

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane. As the membrane lines every cavity of the body that has an outlet, there may be as many different forms of catarrh as there are such cavities.

The closed cavities are lined, not with mucous membrane, but with one that secretes a thinner fluid—serum—for lubricating purposes, which is readily absorbed after doing its normal work. Still the serous membrane also may be inflamed and its secretion abnormally increased.

Thus we may have pericarditis, with its "water" around the heart, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the heart bag, or pericardium; pleurisy, with its fluid crowding against the lungs, and sometimes causing their complete collapse, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the chest; peritonitis, so painful and dangerous, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the cavity of the abdomen; synovitis, with its painful and puffed out joints, from inflammation of their similar lining membrane.

A common "cold" is an inflammation of the air passages. When it is confined mainly to the nostrils, it is popularly known as a cold in the head, but medically as coryza.

When it is confined mainly to the bronchial tubes, it is called bronchitis, which, when it has gained a permanent hold, greatly resembles "consumption," and is often mistaken for it by the people.—Youth's Companion.

An Actress Criticised to Her Face.

A good story is told in the Stuttgart Neue Musik Zeiting concerning one of the most eminent German actresses and a theatrical critic, equally well known to fame. A number of ladies and gentlemen were the other day traveling together in a railway carriage from Dresden to Leipsic. Only two of the passengers knew each other, but the conversation soon became general, and the Court theater at Dresden became the subject of discussion.

One lady, who had been present the evening before at the representation of "Euryanthe," was loud in her expressions of disapproval. "Worse than all," she exclaimed, "that Mme. Schroder is much too old for her part. Her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her. "Would you not rather tell all this to Mme. Schroder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied coldly.

After the general silence which followed this remark the critical lady turned to the actress with many confused apologies. "It is that horrid critic, Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person." "Had you not better tell all this to M. Schmieder himself?" calmly asked the actress. "He is sitting next to you."

Why He Didn't Have a Crutch.

Three little boys were flying kites in West Philadelphia, and another little boy limped along with them, looking up toward the sky at the bits of paper and wood which were dancing and sailing through the air. The other boys were hearty, healthy youngsters, with red cheeks and stout limbs, but the fourth one was under size, pale, emaciated and a cripple. Every step that he took seemed to wrench his system, but still he laughed and hobbled along in an ungainly manner, enjoying, as well as he could, the fun that the other boys were having. A gentleman passing by called to him, and he responded.

"How did you become crippled?" he asked.

"I had scarlet fever when I was a baby," the child replied, hanging his head as if he had been taught that his infirmity was a disgrace.

"Wouldn't it be easier for you to walk with a crutch?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, and a tear glistened in his eye, "it wouldn't hurt me near so much, sir, but mother, she says she couldn't stand seeing me walk around with a crutch, and so I don't do it."

And so the little chap limped away, never for the once thinking how cruel his mother was to make him suffer so just because she disliked the idea of having him use a crutch.—Philadelphia Press.

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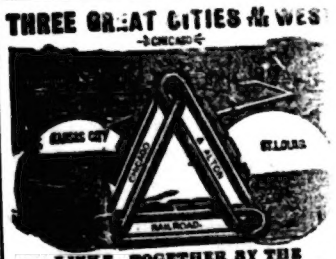

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All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d, Tuesday.

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Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Coomey, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Meninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

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St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 526 S Bonfon st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittle Imitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

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Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce, Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudererast. Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 357 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 2750 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av, V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn, Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O'Brien, 3203 Butler st, fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3538 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

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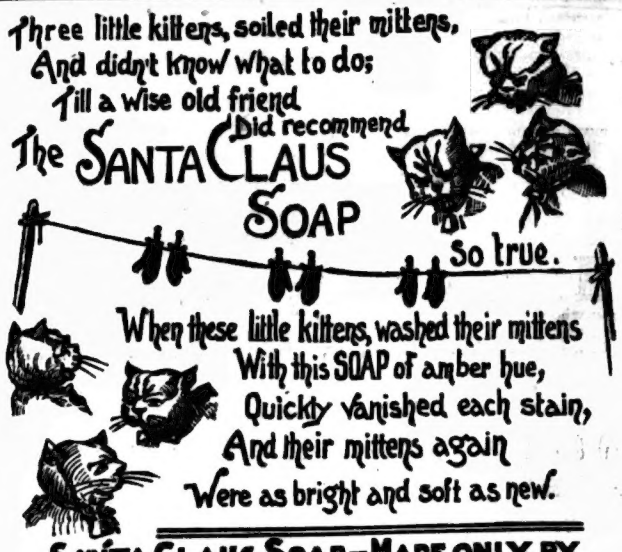
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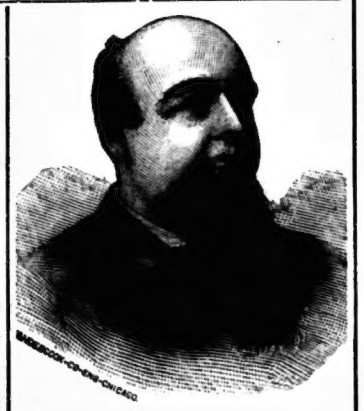

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LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

ENNIS—April 26, at the Sacred Heart convent, Armagh, Madame Teresa Ennis, daughter of the late Edward A Ennis, solicitor, of Gosport House, Rathgar.

FARRELLY—April 28, at Ballieboro, county Cavan, Thomas F. Farrelly, M D., Kilnaleck, aged 33 years.

ASHE—April 26, at Narraghmore, Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William and Martha Ashe.

FARRELLY—April 26, at Gurteen, county Cavan, Kate Farrelly.

PHELAN—April 26, at Ringstown, Mountrath, Queen's county, Julia, widow of the late Andrew Phelan, aged 63 years.

SOMERS—April 26, at Craigue Hill, county Carlow, John Somers.

MCSHERRY—April 21, at Walkin street, Kilkenny, Margaret McSherry, aged 70 years.

DILLON—April 21, Maria, widow of the late Michael Dillon, of Knocknagrove, Queen's county, aged 90 years.

HEFFERTY—April 22. Joseph Heffirty, late of Drumnascoo, county Armagh, aged 73 years.

CARROLL—May 5, at No. 113 West street, Drogheda, John, youngest son of the late James Carroll, Mornington.

DOOLY—May 4, at Clonsilla, James Dooly, aged 68 years.

MCGRATH—April 28, at Chatham prison, after suffering ten years, one of the political prisoners, James McGrath, son of the late Henry McGrath, leather merchant, of Banbridge county Down, aged 41 years.

MORDAUNT—May 5, at No. 24 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Gerrard, youngest son of Gerrard and Alicia Mordaunt.

POWER—May 5, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Power. Her remains were interred in Laragh, county Cavan.

WHELAN—May 4, at Brookville, Bray, Catherine Anne Whelan, third daughter of the late Capt Philsworth Whelan, of Rathgiass, Tullow, county Cavan.

CRAVEN—May 2, at No 2 Ward's Hill, Dublin, Daniel Craven.

CULLEN—May 2, at No. 91 Rancla, h road, Dublin, Rev. John Cullen.

GRIFFIN—At Ashton Park cottage, Monkstown avenue, county Dublin, John Griffin, of P. O., Monkstown.

LACEY—May 3, at Tralee, James J., second son of John Lacey, stationmaster, aged 18 years.

PELLY—May 1, at Hearnesbrook, Ballinasloe, Michael Pelly, aged 66 years.

VAUGHEY—May 2 at Market square, Navan, Mary, relict of the late Patrick Vaughey.

FAGAN—May 4, at Donore, Ballivor, county Meath, Mrs. Bridget Fagan, aged 60 years.

MARTIN—May 3, at No. 10 Little Ship st., Dublin, Thomas Martin.

MINCH—May 3, at Duneany, Monasterevan, George Minch, aged 65.

NOLAN—May 3, at Paulville, Tullow, Philip Nolan.

PLUNKETT—May 3, at Ballinasloe, county Galway, Jane Eliza Plunkett, aged 49 years.

REILLY—May 3, at Cullighan, Belturbet, Mrs Reilly, widow of the late Philip Reilly, and mother of Patrick Reilly, reporter, aged 80 years.

TAITE—May 2, at Lyons, Hazelhatch, county Kildare, Thomas Taite, aged 72 years.

STAFFORD—May 6, at No. 1 Lower Clanbrassil street, Dublin, Thomas, youngest son of the late James Stafford, Stradone, county Cavan, and Dublin.

STOKER—May 5, at the Hospice, Dublin, William Stoker, aged 55 years.

For several years past a gentleman in Nashua, N. H, has been in the habit of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to tone up his system preparatory to the heated term. He finds that this medicine relieves the tired feeling so prevalent during spring and early summer.

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Dr. W. Sexton, coroner for west Clare (Parnellite), was elected medical officer of the Kilrush union. The other candidate was Dr. P. Crowley (McCarthyite).

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1883, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. O. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,
Marquette, Mich.

Irish-American papers please copy.

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JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasky.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26 1891.

WILLIAM F. MURPHY,
Administrator.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.